The 1929 Breeze

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THE 1929 BREEZE

The Breeze

by

The Senior Class

of

Clearfield High School

Clearfield, Pennsylvania.

1929

VOLUME XV NUMBER I

FOREWORD

TO retain the happy days and merry hours of our high school life and the fond reminiscences of those days which will endure as long as life itself, to encourage us to carry on with the same spirit which has been with us through school life, inspiring us to higher purposes and nobler standards is the mission of this book.

DEDICATION

TO the C. H. S. Alumni, to whom we are deeply indebted for our customs and traditions, and for the high standards of fellowship, scholarship and citizenship which we have faithfully tried to uphold, we, the Senior Class of 1929, dedicate this, the fifteenth volume of "The Breeze".

THE 1929 BREEZE

CONTENTS

Book One
ADMINISTRATION

Book Two
THE CLASSES

Book Three
SOCIAL

Book Four
ORGANIZATIONS

Book Five
LITERARY

Book Six
ATHLETICS

Book Seven
BREEZETTES

School Creed

I believe in the school spirit of Clearfield High School and in the symbolic meaning of the letters C. H. S. Courtesy, Honor and Service.

As a student, I will do my best to practice those principles which I believe will benefit Clearfield High, and make me stronger in body, mind and character, so that when I leave these halls, I shall have no regrets, but live in the joy that I have rendered a service to the future members of the Clearfield High School by establishing standards which they will wish to follow.

THEREFORE, I WILL TRY:

1. To speak the truth.
2. To raise the standards of scholarship.
4. To be courteous at all times.
5. To offer willingly my service whenever opportunity offers itself.
6. To be fair in all work and play.
7. To be clean in all thoughts, words, and deeds.
8. To put honor above all else.
9. To persevere faithfully until the task is done.
10. To do all in my power to make Clearfield High School a better place for my having been a student there, to the end that by so doing, I can serve my Town, my State and my Country.

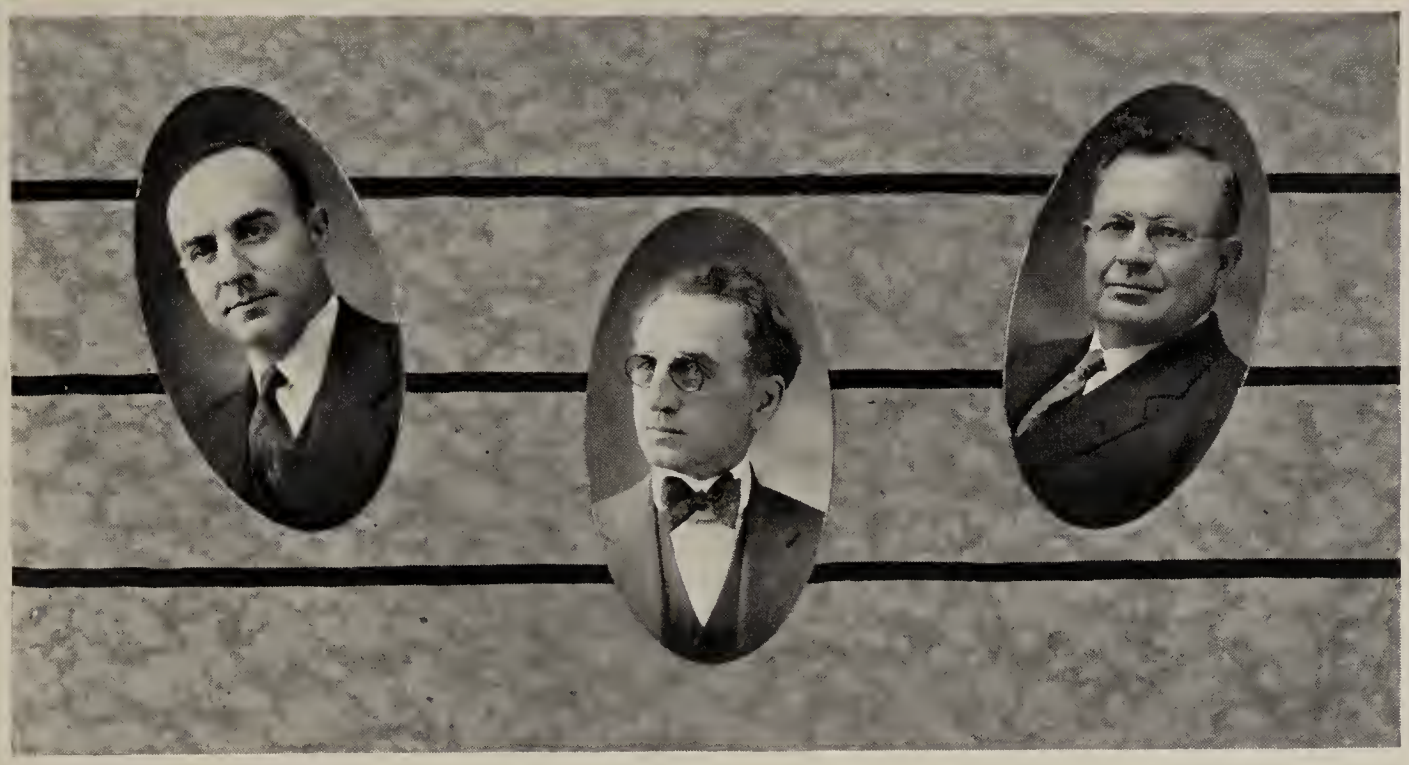
Class of 1923

Readopted by Class of 1929



Book One
Administration





S. F. W. Morrison,

A. B., A. M.

Principal of High School

Lebanon Valley College
Columbia University
Fifth year in Present position

Clair D. Ross

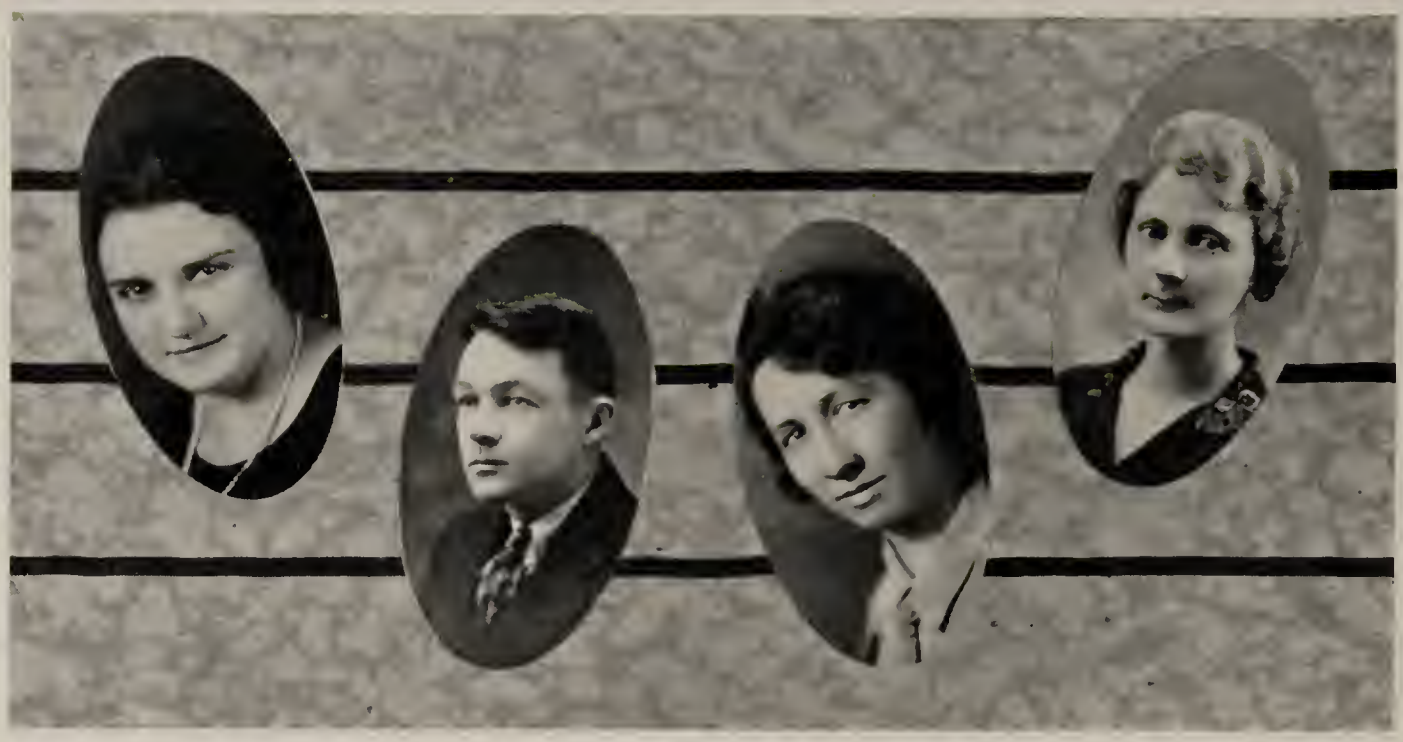
Principal of Junior High School

Grove City College
Columbia University
Seventeen years in present position

George E. Zerfoss

Superintendent of Schools

New York University
University of Lebanon
Eighteenth year in present position



JULIA A. ALBRIGHT

Commercial

Dickinson Seminary
Indiana State Normal
Second year in present position

NELLIE GIVEN

Commercial

Temple University
Penn State
Pierce Business College
Seventh year in present position

J. M. BRENNAN,

A. B.

Science and Mathematics

Dickinson College
Second year in present position

RUTH E. EWING,

A. B.

English

Dickinson College
Penn State
Second year in present position



JANE HAGERTY,

A. B.

History

Dickinson College
Cornell University
Fourth year in present position

CHARLES EDWARD JONES

B. S. IN COM.

Commercial

Grove City College
First year in present position

MRS. JOHN E. HESS,

A. B.

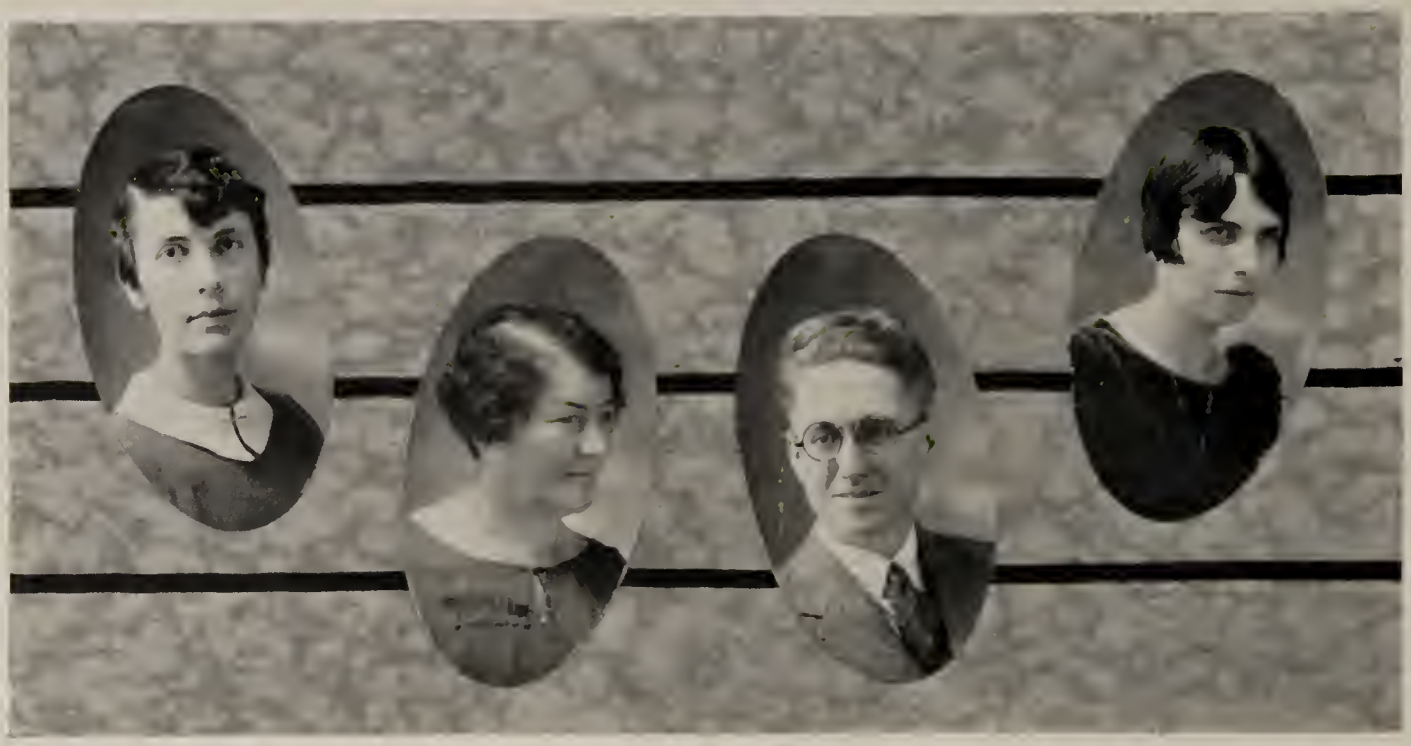
Secretary to School Board

Randolph-Macon Womens College
Seventh year in present position

VERILE I. HIGH

Commercial

Muncy Normal
Rochester Business College
Penn State
Tenth year in present position



Reida Longanecker,

A. B.

English and History

Shippensburg Normal
Gettysburg College
Second year in present position

Nancy Margaret Miller,

A. B., A. M.

Latin

Lebanon Valley College
University of Pittsburgh
Fifth year in present position

Anna P. Lumley

Music

Dickinson Seminary
Thomas Normal
Second year in present position

W. H. Mead,

A. B.

Mathematics

Penn State
Fourth year in present position



AMY RENO,

A. B., A. M.

French

Goucher College
Columbia University
University of Paris
Eleventh year in present position

FREDERICK P. WEIDNER,

B. S.

Science

Gettysburg College
Fourth year in present position

LLOYD MORELAND TRIMMER.

A. B.

Social Science and Coach of Athletics

Bucknell University
First year in present position

S. ETHEL TROSTLE,

A. B., A. M.

English and Dean of Girls

Juniata College
Columbia University
Eighth year in present position



SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL



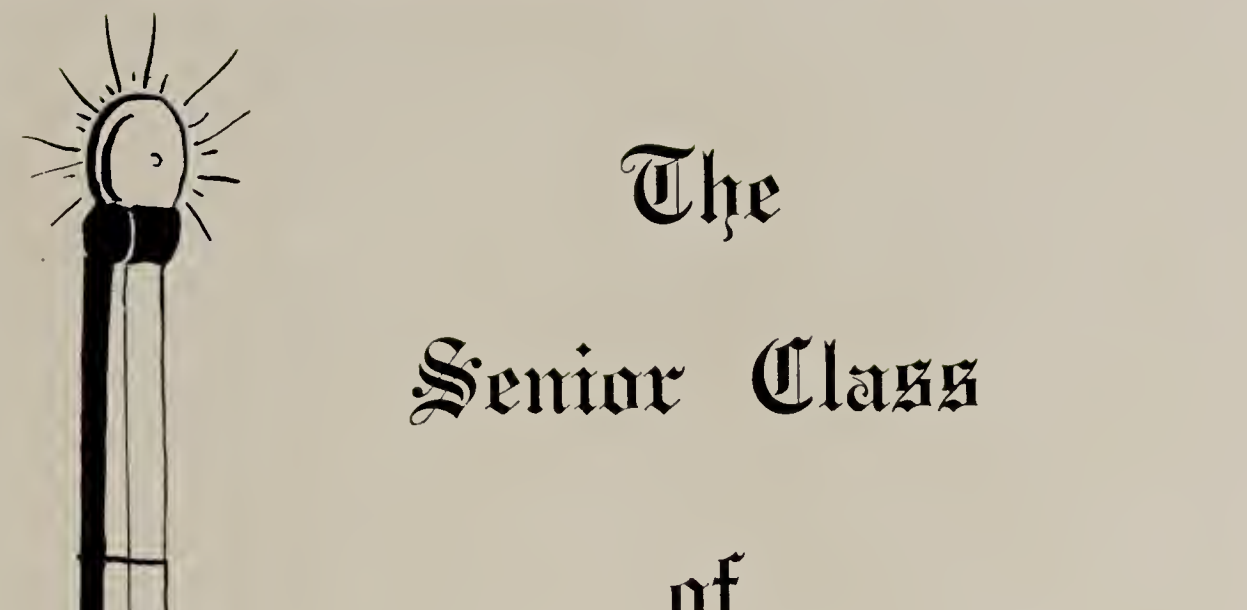
JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL



Book Two
Classes



The Senior Class of 1929



THE 1929 BREEZE



BALUM, DELPHINE F. *"Del"*

"Joy which we cannot share with others is only half a joy.

Classical
Breeze Board 3, 4
Latin Club 2, 3, 4
Citizenship Award 3
Librarian 4

ANDERSON, MARY C. *"Andy"*

"A twig in time becomes a tree."

Classical
Basketball 3, 4
Glee Club 2, 3
Latin Club 2, 3, 4
Triangle Staff 4

AMMERMAN, CHARLES G. *"Buzzie"*

"A good son makes a good husband."

Scientific
Football 1, 2, 3, 4
Track 1, 2, 3, 4
Cross Country 1, 2, 3, 4
Dramatics 1, 2, 3, 4
Debate Club 4
Glee Club 2, 3, 4

ADAMS, GLADYS LOUISE *"Mike"*

"Her lungs are very sensible, for everything makes them laugh."

Classical
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.
Dramatics 1
Glee Club 4
Latin Club 2
Librarian 3, 4

BARONE, ALBERT J. "Al

"A lazy boy and a warm bed are difficult to part."

General



BIGLER, ELIZABETH *"Betty"*

"A father's virtue is the child's best inheritance."

Classical
Dramatics 3
Latin Club 2, 3, 4
Librarian 4

BEAVER, JUANITA LEANORE *"Al"*

"I love my friends, but, myself better"

Commercial
Glee Club 4
C. H. C. Club 4
Librarian 4

BEST, SARA A. *"Sadie"*

"A maiden's heart is a dark forest."

Commercial
Breeze Board 3, 4
Social Service Club 4
Scholastic Award 2

BEERS, FRED *"Fred"*

"A curly head, a hasty temper."

Scientific

BARRET, EVELYN MARIE *"Sally"*

"Laughter makes the world go round."

Commercial
C. H. C. Club 4



BRUNGARD, MARY *"Blondie"*

"The real test of character is joy."

Commercial
C. H. C. Club 4
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Social Service Club 3, 4

BUMBARGER, FREDA M.

"Different times, different manners."

General
Dramatics 1
Glee Club 2, 3, 4

BLOOM, SYLVAN T. *"Bloomy"*

"When either side grows hot with argument, the wisest man gives in first."

Scientific
Track 2, 3, 4
Cross Country 3, 4
Dramatics 1, 2
Debate Club 4

BROWN, LEWIS *"Louie"*

"A man who is not spoken of is not abused."

General

BROWN, CLAIR H. *"Brownie"*

"Without knowledge there is no sin."

Commercial
C. H. C. Club 4



CALDWELL, BEULAH *"Boolie"*

"Cheerfulness and good will make labor light."

Commercial
C. H. C. Club 4
Librarian 4

CARLSON, MARJORIE *"Marge"*

"Who does right is born sufficiently noble."

General
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
C. H. C. Club 4

CLEAVER, MARIAN O.

"The highest degree of earthly joy is quietness."

Classical
Glee Club 3
Librarian 3
Social Service Club 4

CARNS, GEORGE W. *"Boag"*

"Neither handsome enough to kill nor ugly enough to frighten."

Commercial

CARNS, IRA O. "Ike"

"All are not hunters who blow the horn."

General
Football 2, 3,
Dramatics 1



COCHRANE, WILLIAM C. *"Bill"*

"Circumstances are beyond the control of man, but his conduct is in his own power."

Classical
Vice President 4
Glee Club 4
Latin Club 2
Citizenship Award 1

CONAWAY, ERMA *"Connie"*

"A gem unwrought is a useless thing."

Commercial
Glee Club 3, 4
C. H. C. Club
Librarian 4

CRISTINI, DOMINIC A. *"Don"*

"Business and action strengthen the brain, but too much study weakens it".

Classical
Dramatics 1, 2
Student Council 3
Breeze Board 4
Debate Club 2, 3,4
Handbook Staff 2
Latin Club 2, 3,4
Librarian 3
Scholarship 1, 2, 3
Citizenship 1, 2,3

CRAWFORD, ARVILLA MAE *"Jo"*

"Nothing more fine than wit, yet nothing more fickle."

Commercial
Glee Club 3, 4
C. H. C. Club 4

CONSER, WAVA *"Wavy"*

"For the virtuous maiden, employment is enjoyment."

Classical
Librarian 4



EDMISTON, ALICE ANN *"Tillie".*

"Obstinacy is the worst and most incurable of all sins."

Basketball 2, 3, 4
Dramatics 1, 2
C. H. C. Club 3, 4
Glee Club 2, 3,4
Social Service Club 2, 3,4

DERRICK, WALTER P.

"A gentleman of our day is one who has money enough to do what every fool would do if he could afford it."

Classical
Student Council 3
Glee Club 4
Latin Club 2, 3, 4
Orchestra 2, 3,4
Debate Club 2

FLECK, ANNA MAE *"Ann"*

"A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning."

Commercial
C. H. C. Club 3, 4
Librarian 4
Social Service Club 4
Triangle Staff 4

CURRY, LOUISE MARGARET *"Sis"*

"Where there is music there can be no harm."

General
Assembly Committee 3
Glee Club 3
Orchestra 2, 3, 4

DAVIS, MIRLE J. *"Davis"*

"One may smile and smile and be a villain".

General
Glee Club 4
Dramatics 1



GANOE, MARTHA

"A fence between makes love more keen."

Commercial
C. H. C. Club 3, 4
Social Service Club 4
Glee Club 4
Librarian 4

GEARHART, FREDERICK C. *"Freddie"*

"Be a gentleman farmer."

Scientific
Dramatics 1
Cross Country 2
Glee Club 4

GEPPERT, ALMA *"Al" "Gus"*

"Earnestness and sport go well together."

General
Cheer Leader 1, 2, 3
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4
Dramatics 1
Debate Club 2
Librarian 3
Citizenship 1

FLICK, LUCILLE S.

"Talking comes by nature; science by understanding."

Classical
Glee Club 4

GEARHART, MARY ETHEL *"Meg"*

"Violent fires soon burn out."

Commercial
C. H. C. Club 4
Debate Club 4



HERRLEIN, RUTH A. *"Dete"*

"From labor there shall come forth rest."

Commercial
C. H. C. Club
Glee Club 4
Librarian 4

HENRY, MARIE *"Henry"*

"More belongs to dancing than a pair of dancing shoes."

Commercial
C. H. C. Club 3, 4
Social Service Club 3, 4

GLASS, CLAYTON

"It is a great plague to be too handsome a man."

Commercial 1
Dramatics 1
Student Council 4
Assembly Committee 3
C. H. C. Club 3, 4
Breeze Board 3, 4

GILL, ORVIS W. *"Guffey"*

"A lazy man is of no more use than a dead man and he takes up more room."

General
Dramatics 3

GILLILAND, WILLIAM E. *"Bill"*

"Slow and sure."

Scientific
Latin Club 2, 3, 4
Librarian 3



IMDORF, LILA ANITA *"Little Soakey"*

"Worldly wisdom is a prefect knowledge of all the failings of our neighbors."

Commercial
Student Council 4
Secretary 4
Dramatics 3
Breeze Board 3
Social Service Club 4
Citizenship Award 3

IRWIN, LUCILLE *"Lu"*

"She that is born a beauty is half married."

Commercial
Glee Club 4
Social Service Club 4
Triangle Staff 4

HESS, CELESTE PATRICIA *"Pat"*

"He that would England win, must with Ireland first begin."

Classical
Breeze Board 3, 4
Librarian 3
Class Reporter 3
Latin Club 2, 3,4
Glee Club 2, 3
Dramatics 1, 2,3
Social Service Club 3, 4
Scholastic Award 2, 3
Student Council 4

IRWIN, DOROTHY *"Dot"*

"A blush on the face is better than a blot on the heart."

Commercial
Social Service Club 4

HOLES, LLOYD *"Holes"*

"Out, out brief candle. Life is but a walking shadow."

Scientific
Dramatics 1, 2, 3



JAY, MERLE *"Jay"*

"It is the quiet people who are dangerous."

Scientific
Football 3
Dramatics 1
Glee Club 2, 4

JURY, ISOBEL H. *"Jury"*

"Unblemished let me live, or die unknown."

Commercial
C. H. C. Club 4
Librarian 3, 4

KACHIK, ADELINE M. *"Kay" "Kachik*

"All who joy would win, must share it; happiness was born a twin."

Commercial
Assembly Committee 3
C. H. C. Club 3
Glee Club 2, 3
Social Service Club 3, 4

JAY, GLEN *"Jay"*

"He that goes a great way for a wife is either cheated or means to cheat."

Scientific

JOHNSTON, E. *"Eve" "Johnson"*

"Do your best; angels can do no more."

Scientific
Glee Club 3, 4
Librarian 3



KOON, MARGARET J. *"Peg" "Koonie"*

"A man frequently admits that he was wrong, a woman never; she was only mistaken."

Classical
Latin Club 2, 3, 4
Debate Club 3, 4
Assembly Committee 2, 4
Dramatics 2

KNEPP, EMILY E. *"Knepp"*

"Vengeance should be left to women."

Commercial
Glee Club 2
C. H. C Club 3, 4
Librarian 4
Social Service Club 4

KENNARD, LOIS M. *"Lay" "Kenny"*

"Little care; no despair."

Classical
Breeze Board 4
Glee Club 2, 3 4
Latin Club 2, 3,4
Dramatics 1
Social Service Club 2, 3,4

KLINGER, WILLIAM B. *"Bill"*

"Love will find a way."

General
Dramatics 1

KACHIK, EVELYN R. *"Katchik" "Eve'*

"One of us was born a twin, and not a soul know which."

Commercial
Glee Club 2, 3
Social Service 3, 4
C. H. C. Club 4



LANSBERRY, VIOLET *"Dick" "Blondy"*

"One's too few, and three's a crowd."

Commercial
Dramatics 1, 2
Student Council 4
C. H. C. Club 3, 4
Glee Club 3

LAWHEAD, LILLIAN I. *"Lil" "Lilsy"*

"Hot love and hasty vengeance."

Classical
Latin Club 2, 3, 4
Glee Club 2, 3
Triangle Staff 4
Basketball 3, 4
Librarian 3, 4

LEAS, DOROTHY E. *"Dot" "Dort"*

"A bridle for the tongue is a necessary piece of furniture."

Classical
Glee Club 2, 4
Latin Club 4
Triangle Staff 4
Dramatics 1

LAWHEAD, LEONA *"Piney"*

"Continual cheerfulness is the sign of wisdom."

General
C. H. C. Club 4
Glee Club 3
Latin Club 3

LEWIS, HOMER H. *"Doc"*

"All sorrows are bearable if there is bread."

Scientific



LIVINGSTON, BARBARA LEE *"Doc"*

"One may say too much, even on the the best of subjects."

Classical
Secretary 3
Student Council 2
Glee Club 2, 3
Latin Club 2, 3,4
Librarian 3
Triangle Staff 4

LUZIER, IVAN *"Pat"*

"We are born crying, live complaining, and die disappointed."

Scientific
Football 2, 3, 4
Track 3, 4
Cross Country 3, 4
Dramatics 1

McCORKLE, DOROTHY JANE *"Dot"*

"Newspapers are curious exponents of diseased ideas."

Classical
Student Clouncil 4
Breeze Board 3
Glee Club 2, 3
Latin Club 2, 3,4
Social Service Club 3, 4
Scholarship Award 1, 2, 3
Editor-in-Chief of Triangle 4
Librarian 3
Dramatics 1, 3

McDOWELL, FRANCIS E. *"Drake"*

"Something should be done to make this world safe for bachelors."

Commercial
C. H. C. Club 4
Triangle Staff 4
Treasurer 4

McMANAMY, MARY E. *"Micky"*

"Hear all and say nothing."

Commercial
C. H. C. Club 4
Glee Club 4



MAINES, JEANETTE E. *"Jenny"*

"I'd rather be a young man's slave than an old man's office fixture."

Commercial
Vice-president 1, 2
Student Council 3
C. H. C. Club 3, 4
Glee Club 2, 3,4
Social Service Club 2, 3, 4
Scholarship Award 1
Citizenship Award 2

MILLER, EDWARD E. *"Ed"*

"'Tis self-conceit makes opinion obstinate."

Scientific
Football 2, 3
Basketball 2, 3,4
Track 2
Cross Country 2
Student Council 2
Glee Club 4
Triangle Staff 4

MANN, ANNA L. *"Diddy"*

"Smiles from reason flow to brute denied and are of love the food."

Classical
Secretary 1, 2
Treasurer 3
Breeze Board 4
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Latin Club 2, 3, 4
Social Service Club 2, 3, 4
Scholastic Award 1, 2
Citizenship Award 3.

MITCHELL, HELEN *"Mitch"*

"All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth."

Commercial
Dramatics 1
Student Council 2, 4
C. H. C. Club 4
Glee Club 4
Social Service Club 4

MITCHELL, HAZEL *"Haz" "Mitch"*

"I have but three wishes: To get married, to become a millionairess, and to become a widow."

Commercial
Student Council 3
Dance Committee 4
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Latin Club 3, 4
Librarian 3, 4



NORRIS, MOSE "*Mo*" "*Toby*"

"If the beard were all, the goat would be the winner."

Classical
Football 2, 3
President 1
Track 1, 2, 3
Cross Country 1, 2, 3
Debate Club 2, 3, 4
Glee Club 2, 3
Latin Club 2, 3, 4

NORTHCRAFT, LAURA JEAN

"Oh keep me innocent; make others great."

Classical
Dramatics 1, 2
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Latin Club 2, 3, 4
Social Service Club 2, 3, 4
Triangle Staff 4
Librarian 3

NIGHTINGALE, EMILY J. "*Nighty*"

"A busybody always accomplishes something."

Dramatics 2
Debate Club 3, 4
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Latin Club 2, 3, 4
Social Service Club 2, 3, 4
Scholarship 3.
Citizenship 3
Librarian 3

MUIR, George W. "*Bill*"

"He is a man that acts like a man."

Commercial
Vice-President 3
Student Council 3
Track 3

OGDEN, ALTON C. "*Pete*"

"Blue eyes say, 'Love me or I die';
Black eyes say, 'Love me or I kill thee'."

General



OGDEN, EVELYN L *"Eve"*

"No wisdom like silence."

Classical
Latin Club 2, 3, 4
Social Service Club 4
Librarian 4

OGDEN, EDNA VIRGINIA *"Ed"*

"Forgive thyself nothing and others much."

General
Social Service Club 4
Glee Club 4
Librarian 4

OLSON, ETHEL S. *"Swede"*

"Labor is in itself a pleasure."

Commercial
C. H. C. Club 3, 4
Triangle Staff 4
Librarian 4

PETERS, DOROTHY LOURAIN *"Dot"*

"Calamity is the touchstone of a brave mind."

Commercial
C. H. C. Club 4
Librarian 4
Social Service Club 4

PELLERITE, ROSE Z. *"Roses"*

"In every rank great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all."

Classical
Latin Club 2, 3, 4
Social Service Club 4
Librarian 4



PETERS, THELMA M. *"Shorty"*

"A maiden, mild and meek."

Classical
Latin Club 2, 3, 4
Librarian 4
Glee Club 3

PETERSON, MILDRED M. *"Mid"*

"A little stone may upset a cart."

Classical
Dramatics 1
Glee Club 2, 3
Latin Club 2, 3, 4

RAFFERTY, BEATRICE D. *"Bea"*

"The Englishman weeps;
The Irishman sleeps."

General
Latin Club 2, 3
Librarian 3, 4

PLUMMER, WILLIAM *"Bill"*

"The best of the sport is to do the deed and say nothing."

Commercial
Basketball 3, 4
Dramatics 1

RAFFERTY, LEONARD *"Lennie" "Irish"*

"Who has no misfortune is fortunate enough."

General



READ, SYLVIA L.

"Dead the anger of the dove."

Commercial
C. H. C. Club 4
Glee Club 3
Librarian 4

ROUGEAUX, MAIDA AGATHA

"The English love; the French make love."

Commercial
Social Service Club 4
C. H. C. Club 3
Glee Club 2, 3, 4

RISHEL, WALTER *"Jake" "Rish"*

"The man who blushes is not quite all brute."

Commercial
Dramatics 2
Student Council 4
Assembly Committee 2
Breeze Board 3, 4
C. H. C. Club 4
Glee Club 3
Citizenship Award 2

ROUGEAUX, BERTHA CECILIA

"What furniture can give such finish to a room as a tender woman's face."

Commercial
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Social Service Club 4

RICH, MARY E. *"Mame*

"Hear, see, and be silent."

Commercial
C. H. C. Club 4
Glee Club 2, 3, 4



SCHAEFER NORMAN C. *"Wee Buck,"*

"He means to erect a castle in the air, and make his fly an elephant to carry it."

General
Football 2, 3, 4
Track 1, 2, 3, 4
Cross Country 1, 2, 3, 4
Debate 4
Glee Club 2, 3, 4

SCOGG, EDNA ELLEN *"Eddie"*

"Many a thing whispered in one ear is heard over the whole town."

Commercial
Assembly Committee 3
Dance Committee 4
C. H. C. Club 3, 4
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Social Service Club 3, 4

SHAFFNER, OSCAR *"Os"*

"He is the best scholar who has learned to love well."

Scientific
Football 2, 3, 4
Basketball 3, 4
Track 4
Glee Club 4
Amici 3
Student Manager of Athletics 4
Citizenship 3

SHAW, JULIA L *"Judy"*

"One never speaks of himself without loss."

Commercial
Basketball 1
Student Council 2
C. H. C. Club 4
Glee Club 3, 4
Hand book Staff 2
Social Service Club 2, 3, 4

ROWLES, LOIS V

"Blushing is virtue's color."

Classical
Student Council 4
Breeze Board 4
Latin Club 2, 3, 4
Librarian 3



SMEAL, THERON GUY *"Tat" "Sheikie*

"A big head has a big ache."

Scientific
President 4
Football 3
Dramatics 1, 2
Dance Committee 3
Debate Club 3, 4
Glee Club 3, 4

STRAW, HEBER H., Jr. *"Hebe"*

"Always in love; never married."

Scientific
Football 3, 4
Dramatics 2, 3
Glee Club 4

SMITH, ELIZABETH R. *"Jibbie"*

"Did I miss something?"

Classical
Dramatics 1, 2
Assembly Committee 2
Debate Club 3, 4
Latin Club 2, 3, 4
Social Service Club 2, 3, 4
Scholarship Award 3

SHAW, NAOMI M. *"Nomie"*

"She has a mouth for every matter."

Commercial
Glee Club 3, 4
C. H. C. Club 3

STARR, LOIS ELAINE *"Loi"*

"She who gives has many a good neighbor."

Classical
Latin Club 2, 3, 4



THURSTON, JEAN D. *"Thurst"*

"He loses least in a quarrel, who keeps his tongue in check."

Classical
Basketball 2, 4
Dramatics 1
Dance Committee 2
Glee Club 2, 3
Latin Club 2, 3, 4

TROXELL, HELEN *"Trox"*

"Care is an enemy to life."

Classical
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4
Dramatics 1
Debate Club 2, 3
Glee Club 3
Latin Club 2, 3, 4

THOMAS, NAOMI CLARE *"Nomie"*

"A woman is not measured by inches."

Classical
Glee Club 2, 4
Latin Club 4
Librarian 4

VALIMONT, GENEVIEVE *"Gene"*

"In a night time springs up a mushroom."

Scientific
Glee Club 2, 4
Debate Club 4

TATE, CARL *"Abie" "Tate"*

"There is no beard so well shaven that another barber cannot take something from it."

Classical
Dramatics 1, 3
Latin Club 2, 3, 4



VOKES, EDWARD Jr. *"Swan" "Ted"*

"Man loves but once."

Commercial
Football 1, 2, 3, 4
Track 2, 3, 4
Student Council 4
Glee Club 4

VOKES, DOROTHY A. *"Dot"*

"There is no frigate like a book, to take us lands away."

Commercial
C. H. C. Club 4
Triangle Staff 4
Glee Club 4

VOKES RACHEL E. *"Rae"*

"Youth will have its fling."

Commercial
C. H. C. Club 3, 4
Dramatics 1
Librarian 4
Glee Club 2, 4
Social Service Club 4

VALIMONT, IRENE B. *"Toots" "Fat"*

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."

Scientific
Debate Club 4
Student Council 2

VARNER, FLORENCE *"Flor"*

"Speak when you are spoken to; come when you are called."

Classical
Latin Club 4
Social Service Club 2, 3, 4



WEAVER, HELEN W. *"Nell"*

"Maids must be mum till they're married an then they may burn kirks."

Classical
Treasurer 1
Dramatics 1
Assembly Committee 3
Latin Club 2, 3, 4

WALL, REBECCA E. *"Becky"*

"If you are in love, fly to the mountains."

Classical
Latin Club 2, 3, 4
Social Service Club 4
Librarian 4

WARNER, GORDON G. *"Warner"*

"It matters not whether you lost or won, but how you played the game."

Scientific
President 2
Football 3, 4
Basketball 2, 3, 4
Track 3, 4
Dramatics 2
Breeze Board 3, 4
Glee Club 4
Citizenship Award 2

WALLACE, MABEL B.

"A little body oftens harbors a big soul."

Commercial
C. H. C. Club 4
Glee Club 3, 4
Librarian 3

WALTHER, JOHN H. *"Johnnie"*

"His greatness, not his littleness concerns mankind."

General
C. H. C. Club 4
Latin Club 2, 3, 4
Glee Club 4



WILSON, ELIZABETH J. *"Betty"*

"Were it not for hope, the heart would break."

Classical

WILSON, JACK *"Zebe"*

"There is no luckier than he who thinks himself so."

Scientific
Dramatics 1

WILLIAMS, CAROLYN *"Cal"* *"Connie"*

"Maidens want nothing but husbands, and when they have them they want everything."

Classical
Glee Club 2
Latin Club 2, 3, 4
Librarian 3

WILSON, NAOMI MARGARET

"I'm satisfied; the world is satisfied."

General
Student Council 2

WILSON, REITA *"Bill"*

"It is all one whether you die of sickness or of love."

Commercial
C. H. C. Club 3



WITHEROW, MARTHA *"Martie"*

"Strong in body, and in head also."

Commercial C. H. C. Club 4
Librarian 4

YOUNG, ELIZABETH *"Libbie" "Young"*

"A prudent haste is wisdom's leisure."

Classical

WOODSIDE, BRADEN *"Doc" "Woody"*

"Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman rules us still."

Commercial
President 3
Dramatics 1, 2
Student Council 4
C. H. C. Club 4

In Memoriam

Janet C. French

Born February 23, 1911

Died January 5, 1929

The force of the shock that we received upon the announcement of the death of our classmate, Janet French, has spent itself. The force of her personality and friendship will abide with us as long as memory endures.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

FRESHMAN YEAR 1925-'26

Yes, it is true. It was only four short years ago thet we, the present Seniors, were Freshmen back in Junior High. Let us look back and perhaps we shall not wonder where the hours have gone.

Although we were called Freshmen in the fall of '24, nevertheless, we were considered the Seniors of Junior High. Like any other group which desires to be efficient, we organized our class as follows:

President—MOSE NORRIS
Vice-President—JENNIE MAINES
Secretary—ANNA MANN
Treasurer—HELEN WEAVER
Class Adviser—MISS KINGSBURY

Our social events, though few, are worth recalling especially those "eats" at the Freshman Class party.

The outstanding task and success of the year was the presentation of the play entitled "The Pirate's Daughter." This was given by the following cast:

Mr. Van Der Meer	Norman Schaefer
Mrs. Van Der Meer	Alma Geppert
Peter, Prefect of Police	Walter Straw
Jacqueline	Jennie Maines
Elsie	Edna Scogg
Pirate Chief	Charles Ammerman
Wilbury	Sylvan Bloom
Mahmat Siarge	Bruce Wrigley
Katrinka	Edith Williams

By the time this play was given, the school year had passed and our greenest days were over.

SOPHOMORE YEAR 1926-'27

The next year we found ourselves, not as green 'Freshies", but a mob of helpless Sophomores. Now that we are Seniors, we admit that we may have entered the wrong room just because some bright upper classman directed us the wrong way.

Overlooking these mistakes, we went ahead and elected the following officers:

President—GORDON WARNER
Vice-President—JENNIE MAINES
Secretary—ANNA MANN
Treasurer—JEAN ROSSER
Class Reporter—GLENN MAINES, JR.
Class Adviser—MRS. DECKER

Our play, "The Twig of Thorn, " under the supervision of Mrs. Decker was presented very successfully by the following cast of characters:

Oanah	Elizabeth Smith
Aileil	Braden Woodside
Aegnus	Mose Norris
Kathleen	Violet Lansberry
Sheila	Betty Betts
Finnula	Margaret Koon
Sheamus	Dominic Cristini
Tumous	Donald Roseberry
Martin	Walter Rishel
Nessa Teig	Jacqueline Livingstone
Maurya	Elizabeth Harder
Father Brian	John Mohney

We held a successful class party,but the Soph-Senior Banquet was the grand and hilarious affair.

Tired by the preparations for such a successful evening, we felt ourselves worthy of a summer's vacation.

JUNIOR YEAR 1927-28

With September, we came as eager Juniors to whom the Sophomores should look up and upon whom the Seniors would look down. By permission, we held a class meeting and at the first general election ever held in our school we chose our officers:

President—BRADEN WOODSIDE
Vice-President—JAMES MUIR
Secretary—BARBARA LIVINGSTON
Treasurer—ANNA MANN
Student Athletic Mgr.—WALTER STRAW
Class Reporter—CELESTE HESS
Class Adviser—MRS. DECKER

Under the capable direction of Miss Miller we gave our class play, "Adam and Eva." The cast included:

Eva King	Lila Imdorf
Adam Smith	Norman Schaefer
Clinton De Witt	Robert Adams
Julie De Witt	Edna Scogg
Mr. King	Theron Smeal
Lord Andrew	Carl Tate
Uncle Horace	Sylvan Bloom
Aunt Abbey	Elizabeth Bigler
Corinthia	Celesta Hess

Since our class play was over,we began to make preparations for our class party. Dancing, games, and eats—enough has been said.

March 4, at the Junior-Senior Prom we put on a real circus with elephants, giraffes, and tight-rope-walkers as well as peanuts and pink lemonade. Of course we did not forget the dancing.

After purchasing our jewelry and trying the front seats in chapel, we neared the position we had so long sought, that of being Seniors.

SENIOR YEAR 1928-'29

Just think of it,—three years of struggling or of earnest work and at last we are Seniors. Seeing the necessity of having class officers, we chose for

President	THERON SMEAL
Vice-President	WILLIAM COCHRANE
Secretary	LILA IMDORF
Treasurer	FRANCIS McDOWELL
Class Reporter	ANNA MANN
Student-Athletic Mgr.	OSCAR SHAFFNER
Cheer Leader	ALMA GEPPERT
Class Adviser	MR. MEADE

We put on the annual Hallowe'en Party, well attended by masked and unmasked pupils.

Soon the Breeze Board was organized and immediately began with the determination of making this edition the best ever. Our Senior and last class party, held in January, was both successful and sad.

Since we are seniors, we shall be entertained at the Sophomore-Senior Banquet and the Junior-Senior Prom. For these good times, we thank our sister classes.

With sadness mingled with joy, we are looking forward to Shelf Day, Class Night, Commencement, the Senior Reception, and the privilege of attending the Alumni Banquet.

Giving due appreciation to our instructors, we end the four happiest years of our lives and carry with us the remembrance of C. H. S.

A TOAST

Here's to the health of the undergrads,
Timid and meek and mild;
Here's to the Junior and Sophomore;
Here's to the Freshman child;
Here's to the health of the good old school,
So dear to this heart of mine;
Here's to the class that is best of all;
Here's to old "Twenty-Nine."

B. Woodside, '29

MEMORIES

Memories of school days,
Come floating back to me.
They make me so happy,
I want to climb a tree.

Chas. Ammerman, '29

1929 Prophecy

We arrived at the Scott-Field, Phillipsburg, N. J., for our semi-annual world tour which we were accustomed to take by air. Upon arrival at the field we discovered a number of Zeppelins from which we were to pick one for our trip. We chose the Zeppelin Smeal as it reminded us of a certain other gas bag of long ago. Being the last ones here, as usual, we found the "Zep" filled. Whom did we recognize among the passengers but the widow of the late Og-Scog grocery syndicate owner, Mrs. Alton Ogden. Eddie always was trying to get up in the air about something! In the back seat was Peg Koon,—still talking. This time she was demonstrating a new slang word—"By Jimmy!"

Finally the pilot entered the cabin, and who did it turn out to be but Ivan Luzier. Close by his side was none other than Lloyd Holes, the ticket collector. We stretched our necks to see the captain and discovered him to be Gordon Warner.

We bid our last farewells amidst shouting and cheering and left "terra firma" for the wide o pen spaces.

In but a few hours time the porter shouted, "Ireland! Ireland! Change blimps for Scotland!"

Walking to the other air port down those cobblestoned Irish streets, we met Celeste Hess, who was raising shamrocks and rearing children. The name plate on her door said "Witherow". Celestra invited us in for a cup of tea and showed us a postal card she had received from Jennie Maines who was a model at Sears & Roebuck. We always expected something like that.

Bidding Celeste good-bye and promising to write often, we encountered a group of nuns from a nearby chapel. Imagine our surprise when we saw Lillie Lawhead, Anna Mann, Julia Shaw, Jean Northcraft, Juanita Beaver, and Erma Conoway walking along telling their beads. Too bad! All disappointed in love. They hardly recognized us.

Hurrying along, we passed a schoolhouse. Lewis Brown was doing the electric wiring. Os Shaffner had a bunch of tough young Irishmen out on the field giving them the rudiments of football. Near him was his son, "Al." With a few words of greeting we hurried on and caught the next blimp for Scotland.

We landed in the Highlands and got a taxi to our hotel and who should be our chauffeur? Why, none other than Homer Lewis in kilties. We were greeted kindly at the hotel by the maids and butlers who were Dorothy Vokes, Freda Bumbarger, Ruth Herrlein, Mid Peterson, Mary Ethel Gearhart, Leona Lawhead, George Carns, Merle Jay, and Jack Wilson.

That night we went to a show and saw the Rougeaux Sisters starring in "The 'Buck' in the Snow" and "Love in a Furniture Store". How wonderful! They had the dearest little usherettes, Violet Lansberry, Barbarra Livingstone, Helen Troxell, and Lois Starr. They all recognized us and invited us over to their hotel room for dinner. On the way over, we saw Glenn Jay and Dominic Cristini cleaning the streets. They were so busy they didn't see us. Carl Tate was the village barber but wasn't getting along so well, because this was Scotland and everybody let his beard grow.

We arrived at the hotel late, as usual. The head porter was none other than Braden Woodside, who was ably assisted by Francis McDowell. They fought constantly over the tips. Jean Thurston was scrubbing the lobby as we went in, and seeing us she wiped her hands on her apron, rushed right up to us and showed us all around. The office clerk was Heber Straw, Jr. The elevator boys were Fredrick Gearheart, and Sylvan Bloom. And you should have seen those neat chamber-maids; among them we could see Naomi Thomas, Naomi Wilson, Florence Varner, Wava Conser, Rose Pellerite and Evelyn Ogden. After eating our dinner, we checked out and paid the cashier, Walter Derrick.

We arrived in England via the New Grampian Limited, now owned and operated by Rafferty and Son, Incorporated. We went immediately to Parliament which was then in session. There we met Edward Miller, the Speaker of the House who was giving his views on that time-worn subject, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." In the midst of his speech, Ed was rudely interrupted by none other than "Buzzy" Ammerman who moved the votes be taken and the meeting be adjourned; so we left for the famous Westminster Abbey. While wandering around viewing the statues of Shakespeare, Keats, Burns, and Shelley, we noticed one statue a little more familiar than the rest, which proved to be that of our old friend Sara Best, now a world-famous essayist and poetess. In a dark corner was a lone workman chiseling from ivory soap. On closer examination, we found it to be Norman Schaeffer. (Just a school-day pleasure).

Leaving the Abbey, we arrived at the Channel in time to see Alice Edmiston, Mary Anderson, "Sis" Curry, and "Mike" Adams "beating Gertrude Ederle's time." On the side-lines were Orvis Gill, Sylvan Bloom, Fred Beers, George Muir, "Beccy" Wall, Thelma Peters, Martha Witherow. Lois Kennard and "Dot" Leas were selling hot-dogs and peanuts——a tradition handed down from their activities in their Alma Mater.

Deciding to "See America first", we boarded a huge steamer, "The Nighingalia"————————And then the lights went out.

Class Characteristics

The leanest—Lloyd Hales
The loudest—Theron Smeal
The most important—Buzzy Ammerman
The smallest—Naomi Thomas
The tallest—Lewis Brown
The flapper—Hazel Mitchell
The biggest eater—Eddie Scogg
The flightiest—Elizabeth Young
The best dressed—Elizabeth Bigler
The best looking—Dorothy Leas
The quietest—Marion Cleaver
The biggest—Homer Lewis
The curliest-haired—Sara Best
The neatest—Barbara Livingston
The artist—Delphine Balum
The tardiest—"Mike" Adams
The best actor—Norman Schaeffer
The most love-sick—Becky Wall
The laziest—Orvis Gill
The most popular—Gordon Warner
The most studious—Ethel Olson
The best dancer—Jennie Maines
The most sedate—Edna Ogden
The biggest bluffer—Jean Thurston
The sleepiest—Leonarfd Raferty
The best sport—Alma Geppert
The wittiest—Dorothy McCorkle
The biggest busybody—Emily Nightingale
The most talkative—Peg Koon
The best gum chewer—Marjorie Carlson
The biggest eyes—Naomi Shaw
The best pianist—Louise Curry
The gossips—Lillie and Mary
The best giggler—Evelyn Barrett
The blonde—Mary Brungard
The sweetest—Helen Mitchell
The most original—Edward Vokes
The most absent—Glen Jay
The most forgetful—Mose Norris

Last Will and Testament.

We, *the Class of 1929, realizing we are about to leave this "World of Hard Work", do hereby swear that we are nearing Heaven and affirm that this is our last will and testament.*

FIRST: *We desire these bequests be carried out:*

A. To the Faculty

1. *The right to reproach all classes.*
2. *The right to tell class 1930 that they act like children in the grades.*
3. *The right to their likes and dislikes of pupils.*
4. *Our thanks for attempting to teach us something.*

B. To the Juniors

1. *The Senior privileges.*
2. *Our cloak of dignity.*
3. *Our much toil-marked books.*

C. To the Sophomores

1. *Our consent to occupy the "shelf".*
2. *Our way of "bluffing it through".*

D. To the Freshmen

1. *We leave one saying, "Don't worry; smile; the best times are coming."*

SECONDLY: *We wish to be buried far away from the other classes in Devil's Hollow.*

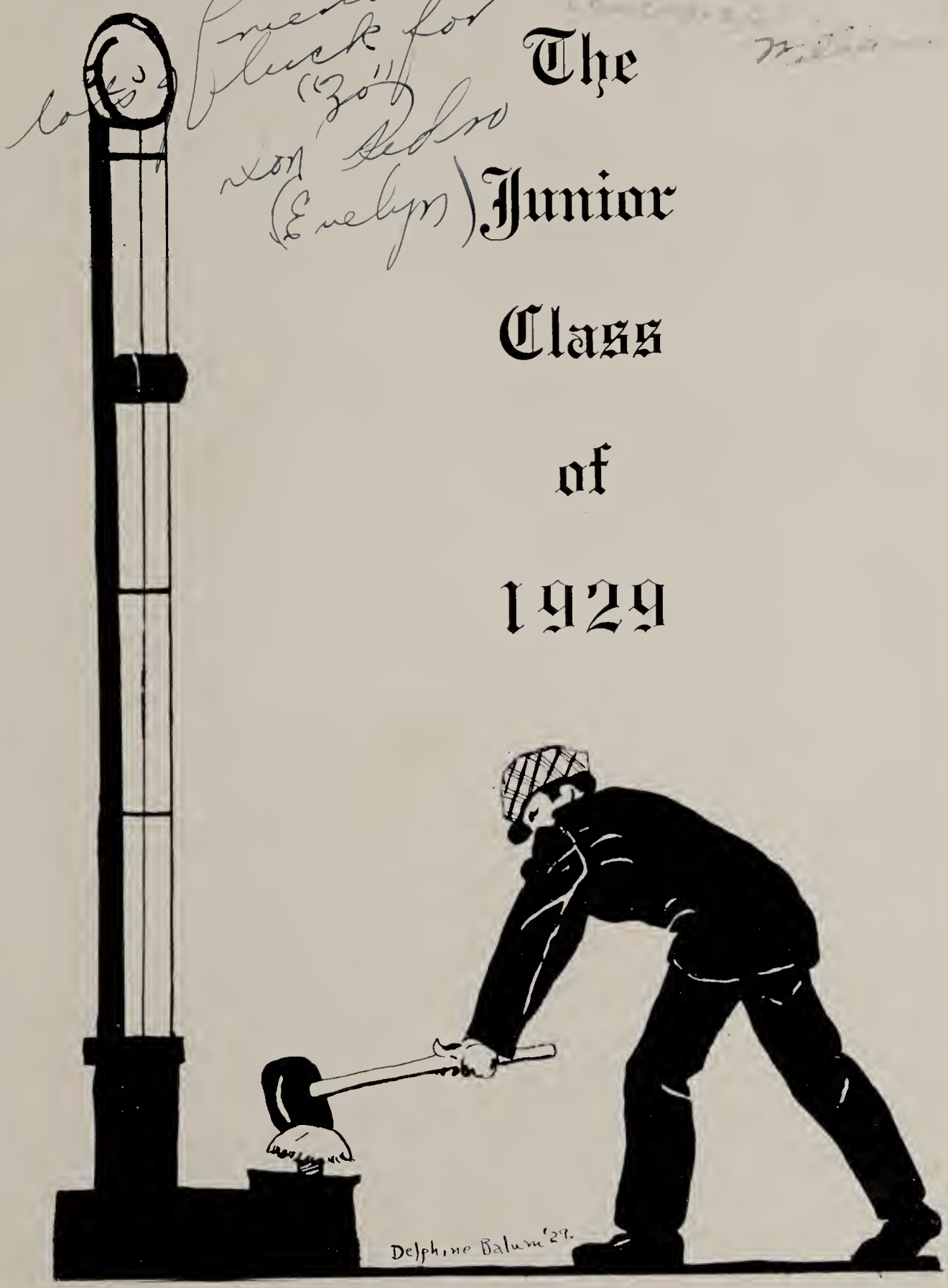
THIRDLY: *We appoint George Hull, known to us as "Gee Haw" as chief executor. We charge him to carry out all bequests.*

Witness *our hand and seal, this first day of June, A. D., 1929.*

Signed

Class of 1929.


HALLOWE-EN
PARTY
GOOD NIGHT LADIES
PRIZE
WINNERS



The Junior Class of 1929



Junior Class

Junior Class History

FRESHMAN YEAR

We, the members of the class of '30, remember vividly those memorable days of our Freshman year. That was a good year full of activity and good times.

The basketball teams were active, the parties were successful; and the operetta "In Old Vienna", was a real hit.

For class officers, we selected:

President—ARTHUR MAGNUSON
Vice -President—PAULINE MAUK
Secretary-Treasurer—LAURA DIETZEL
Class Adviser—MISS HILMA CONNELLY

Our Hallowe'en party was especially thrilling. Each person present visited King Tut's tomb that night. Our annual class party featured dancing, games, and eats.

SOPHOMORE YEAR

In September 1927, we continued our interesting career by entering Senior High, where we accustomed ourselves rather promptly to the rules and habits of the higher school of learning, and organized ourselves as follows:

President—JOE MASSER
Vice-President—MAYBELLE LYNN
Secretary—CLAIRE RAFFERTY
Treasurer—DON WILSON
Class Reporter—GLADYS STEVENS
Class Adviser—MISS GIVIN

We gave two parties that year. These were the Sophomore class party and the Sophomore–Senior party. The latter was especially well planned, having different kinds of dances as the chief form of entertainment.

The Sophomore play was 'Seventeen", by Booth Tarkington. This was well given, and Mrs. Decker proved herself a worthy coach. The story of the play was that of a young man, seventeen years old, who "fell" hard for a cute baby face and a cuter baby talk. Of course, complications set in when the hero "borrowed" his dad's dress suit, and he finds that love isn't what it's reputed to be.

JUNIOR YEAR

Again we returned to school, and this year we received our class jewelry especially early. We also elected our officers in good time; they were:

President—JAMES STEVENSON
Vice-President—DOROTHY WILSON
Secretary—DOROTHY PETERSEN
Treasurer—DON WILSON
Class Reporter—LAURA DIETZEL
Class Adviser—MISS LONGANECKER

The Junior party was a patriotic affair. The Coolidges, Hoovers, Lindbergh, and other famous personages attended the Inaugural Reception given by George and Martha Washington for President and Mrs. Lincoln.

The Junior play, "The Four-Flusher", was coached by the most efficient of coaches, Miss Miller. The cast was as follows:

Jerry Dean	Marian Murphy
Evangeline Gay	Helen Knarr
Andy Whittaker	Charles Mann
Mrs. Dewight Allen	Mary Lou Rowles
June Allen	Laura Dietzel
Dr. Giles Farraday	John Mohney
P. J. Hannerton	Chester Kinkhead
Robert Riggs	Rance Thorpe
Ira Whittaker	Kenneth Jordan
Mr. Rogers	Clair Albert
Mr. Gateson	Leslie Stuby
The Maid	Mabel Armstrong

The next prominent event of the year was the Junior-Senior Prom, held May the third. This proved a very elaborate and enjoyable party, featuring cherry blossom-time in Japan.

Now we are looking forward to that supreme position,—Seniorship,—and it won't be long now.

DESTROYED WHITENESS

The moon was beaming, Oh! so bright,
The snow made white the blackest night.

An old man did so quietly creep,
While everyone else was fast asleep.

Suddenly from out the gloom,
Another ghostly figure loomed,

The one was clasped in the others arms,
Like a mother clapsing her child from
harms.

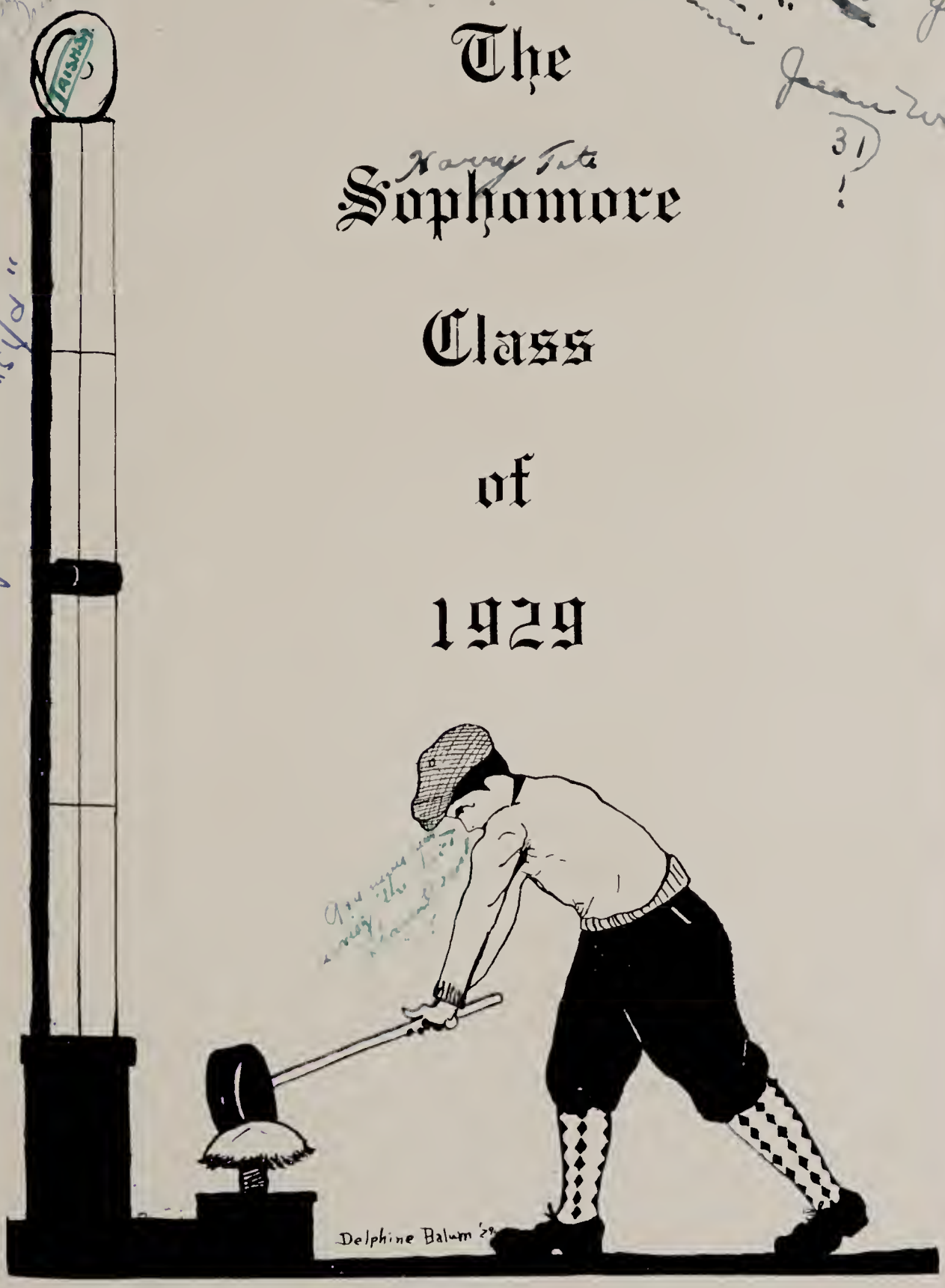
Plainly on the snow next day,
Were signs of either fight or play.

For there the blanket of snow portrayed,
The place where human blood had sprayed

How could a thief, on so fair a night,
Cast a shadow on God's purest delight'?

Winfred Young, '30

The Sophomore Class of 1929





Sophomore Class

Sophomore Class History

FRESHMAN YEAR, 1927-'28

It was a happy group of students who assumed the responsibilities of upper classmen and proceeded to choose the following officers for their last year in Junior High:

President—JOHN BUMBARGER
Vice-President—ENID STAGE
Secretary—JOHN HOWELL
Treasurer—RUSSELL KLINE
Cheer Leaders—JACK ROWLES
SARAH GINGERY
Class Adviser—MISS HILMA CONNELLY

The first activity of the Freshman class was the Hallowe'en party which, under the direction of the efficient officers, proved to be a great success.

On the tenth day of February, the annual class party was held; it was very enjoyable and will long be remembered as one of the happy events of our school days.

It was the privilege of this class to have an orchestra, something which Junior High had not had here-to-fore. This organization proved to be a great success and appeared on the assembly program a number of times.

The class play, a musical comedy entitled "Knights of Dreams", was filled with clever dialogue and catchy song. The cast included:

Roland (Pygmalion)	Nathan Katzman
Old Witch	Pauline Turner
Macbeth (Cy)	William Connelly
Othello (Juce)	Bennie Naddeo
Galatea (Pat)	Eloise Childs
Cleopatra (Cleo)	Jean Adams
Mark Anthony (Mark)	Clair Davis
Lady Macbeth (Hat)	Sarah Gingery
Desdemona (Dessy)	Bernice Catchcart
William Shakespeare	Ray Walker

SOPHOMORE YEAR, 1928-'29

The annual election of the class officers, which was held very early in the fall, proved that the class had good judgment, for the following officers have served faithfully during the year:

President—JOHN BUMBARGER
Vice-President—JOHN HOWELL
Secretary—PAULINE TURNER
Treasurer—WILLIAM GEPPERT
Cheer Leader—JACK ROWLES
Class Reporter—SARAH GINGERY
Class Adviser—MISS NELLIE GIVIN

The Sophomores readily and gladly contributed their share to the Hallowe'en party for by that time they were quite at home in the Senior High School.

During the first semester, several interesting and helpful class meetings were held. A special program put on by the Sophomore home rooms at Christmas time and the movie,"Silas Marner," were much enjoyed.

The annual play, an excellent presentation of "Daddy Long Legs," showed some of the dramatic talent of the class to good advantage. The poise of Judy, the generosity of Daddy, the

antics of the orphans, the pompous attitude of the grown-ups, these and many other good features of the play kept the audience interested from start to finish. The cast members were:

Jervis Pendleton, a philanthropist	Charles McNulty
Judy Abbott, a prize orphan	Frances Wilson
Jimmie McBride, a college chap	Howard Stewart
Julia Pendleton, another room-mate	Agnes Jury
Sallie McBride, Judy's room-mate	Florence Black
Miss Pritchard, a wealthy club woman	Margaret Sigety
Cyrus Wyckoff, a trustee of J. G. H.	Joseph Dague
Mrs. Lippett, a matron of the orphanage	Johanna Powell
Mrs. Pendleton, an aristocratic woman	Julia Gearhart
Mrs. Semple, Mr. Pendleton's old nurse	Evelyn Brown
Griggs, a lawyer	Maurice Smeal
Walters a butler	Fred Norris
Abner Parsons, a trustee	Woodrow Tribley
Cadman, a trustee	Blair Fargo
Gladiola	Jane Barrett
Loretta	Daisy Wagner
Mamie } orphans	Nadine Gearhart
Sadie Kate	Hollis Lutz
Janie	Gertrude Williams
Freddie Perkins	Chester Hixon
Carrie, Mrs. Semple's Maid	Gertrude Decker
Jeanette, Mrs. Pendleton's Maid	Eleanor Forsyth

The class party on February eight was in the guise of a track meet. It served in the capacity of a sweet meat after a pill(the mid-year exams).

The Seniors were the guests of the Sophomore class on April twelfth. It was a real pleasure to entertain those who were so soon to leave the halls of C. H. S. and the class put forth every effort to make this party a successful one.

SUNSET

The river at sunset
Is dyed with color
With rose and violet and blue.
Reflections of the setting sun
And tall poplars on the bank
Are mirrored in it.
Their bare twigs like lace
Against the sky.

Francis Wilson. '31

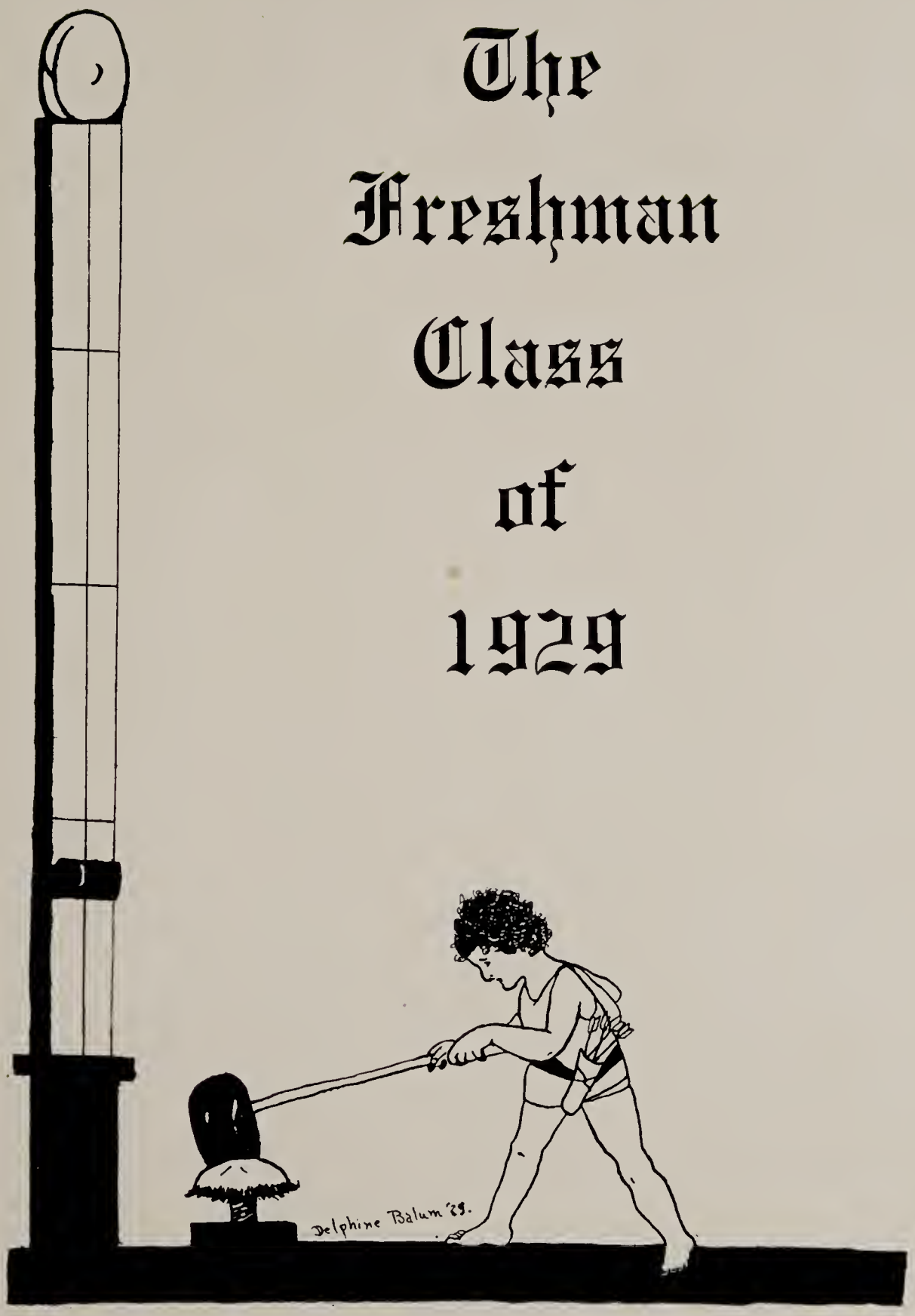
A MORNING PICTURE

Dew-wet cobwebs
 In a berry patch in June.
Tho' they are pretty in the morning
 They fade away by noon.

Dew-wet cobwebs,
 And a yellow butterfly:
Dew-wet flowers,
 And a bright morning sky.

Jean Watson, '31

The Freshman Class of 1929





Freshman Class

History of Freshman Class

Buzz-z-z-z. This sound on September 4, 1928 reminded us that we were at last, what we had looked up to being from the 6th Grade, "Freshies."

As is the annual custom of the classes of the Junior High, we soon elected officers for our organization. Those who were elected were as follows:

President—ASBURY LEE
Vice-President—ROSALIE WARD
Secretary—STETSON ROWLES
Treasurer—JENNIE LYNN
Class Adviser—MISS HILMA CONNELLY
Cheer Leaders—LUCILLE MAUK
DICK STEWART

In addition to electing officers, we initiated the custom of having a Student Council.

On October 26, the annual Freshman Hallowe'en party was held and everyone including all the mysterious characters from Witchland deemed the party a tremendous success.

This year we have just cause to feel proud of our Junior High Orchestra which, under the able supervision of Miss Agusta Connelly has rendered music for plays, concerts, and singing in Chapel, which would do justice to many larger orchestras.

Slowly, as it seemed to the Freshman, the eighth of February rolled around and we were to have, at last, our much-looked forward to Freshman Class party. It was about 8:15 when those dressed up "Freshies" assembled in the auditorium for a program which was pleasing to everyone present. Rosemary Hunter favored us with a very delightful dance. Then a short play, "Hindering Cupid" was enacted, much to the amusement of everyone present. The Freshmen then went to the gym where dancing and games were very much enjoyed by all. How the time flew! Almost before we realized, it was eleven o clock, and then, with great enthusiasm we traversed the way from the gym to the Domestic Science Room where we received our refreshments, which were on a par with the rest of the party. With great reluctance we turned from Junior High, holding forever dear the memory of this Freshman Class party.

Girls' and boys' basketball has been exceptionally popular among the students this year and some very interesting class and out of town games have been played.

The Freshmen are now working earnestly on their play, "Paul Revere," which is to be given in June. The play is an exciting musical comedy of one of America's foremost Revolutionary heroes, who falls in love with a beautiful Boston girl. Paul's conquest of the charming Bostonian is exciting and unusual. The Faculty of Junior High rests assured that with this Freshmen Class even this difficult play will go over the top.

Marion Hess, '32

BABS GOES THROUGH

The dark, grey mist hung oppressively low around the Seven Mountains of Bellefonte, Although it was June, Babs Watkins shivered as she finished drying the remaining breakfast dishes. Babs loved bright, sunshiny days, for then she could see the handsome young pilot, Tom Lawson. as his plane, "The Glorious Dawn," peeped over the distant mountain. Babs was not only interested in Tom but also in his plane. Many had been the times when she had wished Daddy Watkins was wealthy enough to afford this luxury. Sometimes the plane in foggy weather landed on her father's huge farm, and then Babs was in her seventh heaven as she heard the smooth, low rumble of the motor.

"It's almost time for Tom to fly over if he makes the trip today," spoke a voice from the doorway which Babs recognized to be her mother's.

"I'm coming out now to watch for him even though it does look like rain," answered Babs.

"Tom might not make the trip today since it is so stormy," suggested Mrs. Watkins.

"Oh! I know he will make the trip, for a little rain will not hurt Tom and even though that plane did crash last week in the fog Tom won't think of that when he is putting the mail through," boasted Babs.

The clock on the mantle pointed to 9:50, the time Tom always flew low over the farm. Babs snatched her book from the table and went out on the side porch to watch for Tom. The minutes dragged slowly on until Babs grew restless. The clock struck 10:30. What could be keeping Tom? Had anything happened? Wasn't Tom making the trip today? These questions raced through Bab's mind as massive black clouds gathered in the grey heavens. It was now 11:30 and still no sign of Tom. This was very peculiar as Tom was one who was always on time.

"Before it rains, mother," ventured Babs, "I'm going over to Helen's to borrow that book she promised me I could have."

"Very well, dear, but please hurry back as it is almost lunch time and you know we must always have lunch on time," returned her mother.

"I'll be right back, mother. Fact is, I won't stay but a minute," and with this Babs ran across the wide field, down the lane, through the orchard and disappeared behind the neighdoring hill. The massive clouds re-increasedin volume and darkness. The afternoon wore slowly on and Babs had not yet returned. About five o'clock a loud clash of thunder warned the neighborhood that a "Midnight Storm", so called because of the intense darkness and the terrific velocity of the wind, was approaching.

"I wonder where Babs can be," said Mrs. Watkins as the family sat around the cozy supper table. Just then a flash of lightning a clash of thunder, and a dragging step on the porch startled the family. The door was thrown open and Bab Watkins entered dragging a mud splattered, cut and bandaged Tom Lawson.

"What in thunder has happened to you?" questioned Bab's father as he jumped up from the table.

Babs quietly answered, "I'll tell you later. Put Tom to bed and with good luck I'll be home before midnight," and with this she vanished into the increasing storm.

"It's no use going after her because if I do she'll be madder'n hops. She has some scheme up her sleeve I'll wager," spoke the astonished father.

The night wore slowly on. Tom was still lost to the world as he lay on a small white bed, in the neat farm house. The rain beat against the windows, the wind howled, the trees creaked as hey bent before the king of nature—the wind. Babs had not yet come back. The anxious father paced the road in front of the farm regardless of all rain, watching far his only child. At one o'clock he saw a light coming down the mountain raod. Eagerly he ran forward to meet it. Then he heard a call, "Father? Why did you wait up for me?" and a tired but happy Babs with little streams of water trickling down from her clothes and her hair, came out of the darkness riding Old Dobbin, her most faithful pet.

The dawn broke to find a newly washed world waiting for the new day. The farm house was already astir, for Babs had been sought by a group of city officials and at this time the story came out. Babs had found the wrecked plane and Tom Lawson just over the hill. He brakenly told Babs of valuable papers which had to get through. Babs went home with Tom, saddled old Dobbin and rode breathtakingly to the city where she quietly left her package. Then she went home.

Babs now considers herself the luckiest of the lucky for she now has an airplane—her heart's desire. The plane, "Old Dobbin," was given to her by the corporation which was saved by Babs' heroic and timely act.

What of Tom? He has grown entirely well again and holds first in his heart and thoughts Babs, the plainest, yet sweetest of all girls, to whom he owes his life.

Marian Hess, '32.

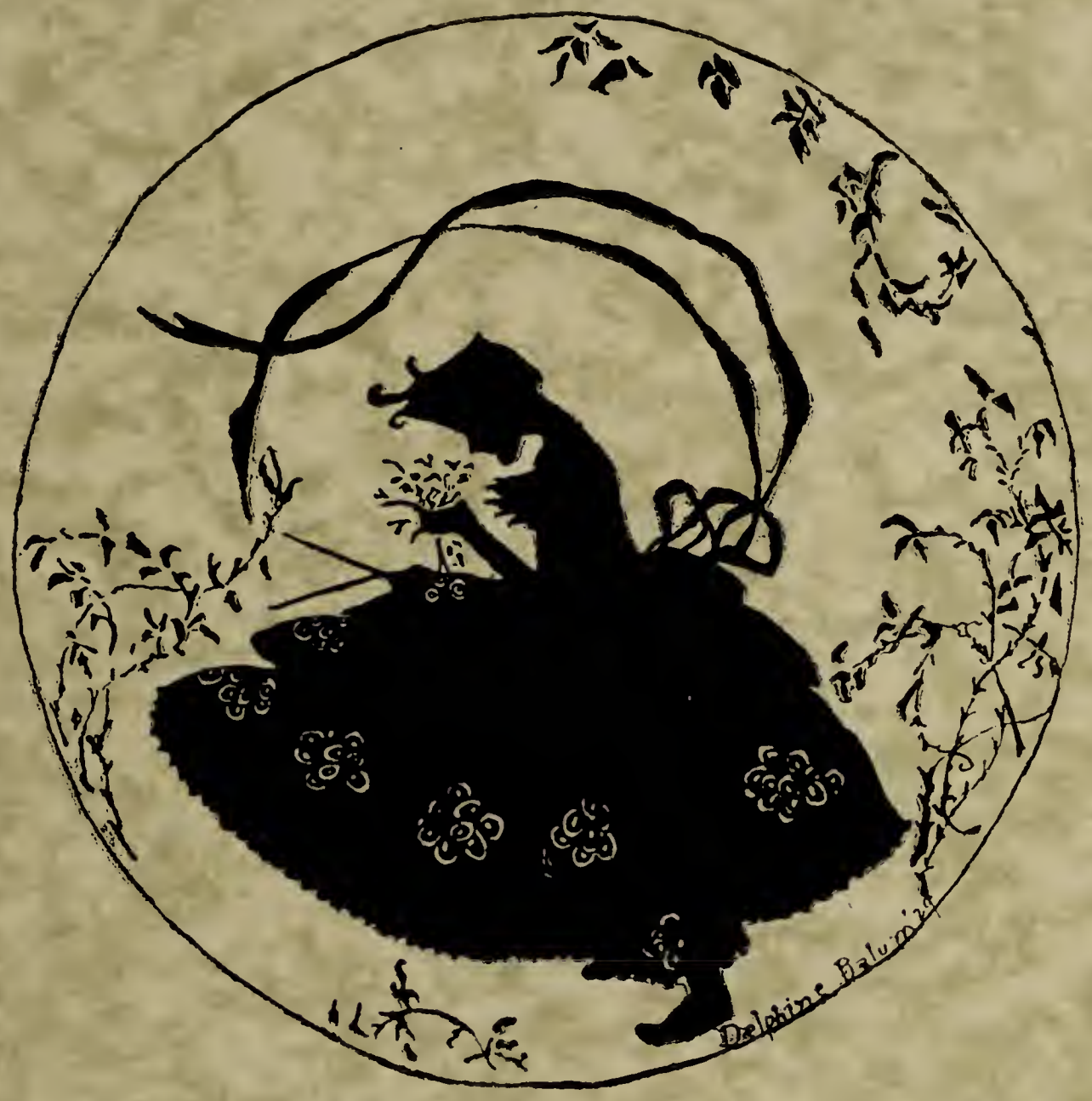
A LITTLE WORK

A little work, a little play
To keep us busy day by day!
A little comfort, a little light,
Of God's blessings—and so good-night

Just a little fun to match
With sorrow—which may come
Today or tomorrow,—

A little trust so when
We die—,we may put away
Our troubles and say
"Good-bye."

Roxie Spencer, '31



Book Three
Social

SOCIAL

Every year Clearfield High School holds its class and inter-class parties. Every senior likes to feel that his last year in high school has been a success. This year, we feel, has been a bigger success than usual, largely due to the jolly and friendly spirit manifested at these parties.

Since the parties are prepared and conducted entirely by the students, the participants gain experience in entertaining and in being entertained.

Friendships are formed in high school which often last for a lifetime. Such friendships frequently have their foundation in the social activities of the school. These activities are long remembered as the source of much pleasure in our school career.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Spooks, "bolony," ghosts, Halloween! I never had believed in them But now I did,—I had heard something. It was midnight, in the musty, dusty bookroom; a ghostly conference was being held. Wierd voices were talking,—low, spooky voices. I listened; now ,a ghostly voice, with a hint of rumbling spoke, "I am Caesar, All my legions never made as much noise as those people in the Grand March." I gathered courage; I must get out, but oh horrors, I couldn't now.

It kept on,—this slow droning of voices. I couldn't help but hear King Arthur say, "My court was known far and wide for its happiness; yet, we didn't laugh as much as they."

I wasn't quite so scared now; they seemed human enough, these ghosts, but I jumped, for the rumbling voice was speaking again. "But, King Arthur, who got the prizes for these costumes?"

"The honored knights and ladies were: *Most Original Group*—Convicts,—Jean Thurston, Gladys Adams, Alma Geppert, Lillian Lawhead, Martha Withrow, Louise Curry, Helen Troxell, Mary Anderson, and Mildred Peterson.

Best Dressed Group—Wedding, Dorothy Hastings, Madeline Stewart, Eleanor Forsythe, Helen Ralston, Aileen Stauffer.

Best-dressed Girl—Skater, Anna McIlvaine.

Best-dressed Boy—Chinaman, Theron Smeal.

Most Historical Group,—Emily Nightingale, Dorothy Leas, Lila Imdorf, Naomi Shaw, Dorothy McCorkle, Anna Mann, Celeste Hess, Elizabeth Smith, Lois Kennard.

Funniest Costume,—Lamp Lighter, Woodie Tribley.

Now a different voice spoke. Lo, it was the ghost of Banquo. "And the decorations in what these moderns call the "Gym," surpassed the splendor of Macbeth's palace. Even the refreshments were more lucious and abundant than were those at that famous banquet."

It was growing light,—I had just time to hear the soft feeble voice of the King Hamlet, "Oh! my poor son, even he did not procrastinate as much as they did in leaving."

I was saved, a cock crowed, the conference ended abruptly and joyfully I made my escape.

SENIOR CLASS PARTY

Did you hear about the perfectly darling time everyone had at the Senior Class Party? This oh–so–noble and original class had a Christmas party. The gym was decorated in Christmas colors with hugh trees at either end, and to the secret wonder of everyone, there were presents under those trees.

The entertainment was in the form of a college track meet, with every home room representing a different college. Room 19 was GedunkU; Room 23, Coll-Her-Otto; and Room 30, Barnyard. In the races, records were ruthlessly broken by these "dignified seniors". Who would have thought that these seniors could yell so loud or screem so hard. Naturally they had dancing, and especially did everyone enjoy the square dances—even the teachers.

Then as a grand climax, the tissue wrapped presents were distributed. They proved to be the long-expected but not so patiently awaited "eats." Everyone left happy, yet sad, for it was his last Clearfield High School class party.

SENIOR RECEPTION

On May 31, 1929, the Seniors marched their last Grand March in the Clearfield High School Gymnasium, to the strains of Jackson's Orchestra at the Senior Reception given by the School Board and Faculty. The Gym was crowded with loving parents, solicitous School Board members, admiring friends and helpful teachers.

As we came down the steps, we did not feel so light-hearted and joyous as when we marched in the Grand March at our first party in C. H. S. The responsibilities of being a Senior weighed heavily upon us and there was a sort of feeling of sadness, a note of pathos as we realized that this would be our last Grand March together.

But the cloud of sadness broke, as the line of Seniors broke. A general tone of happiness, rather than sadness soon prevailed. Reviews of earlier parties were heard; wishes for future years were given; parents were introduced. All was tingling with excitement for this was the crowning party of our school life and was perhaps the best.

JUNIOR-SENIOR PROM

"Ching and Ling—where were you last night?" It was Ching's and Ling's mother who asked this terrible question, and Ching and Ling had a perfectly legitimate excuse. They had been chief entertainers at the Junior-Senior Prom in the beautiful oriental garden amid the cherry blossoms. They had positively amused the jolly Juniors and solemn Seniors with their marvelous feats of gymnastics and their amusing accomplishments in tight rope walking.

However, Ching and Ling weren't the only attraction in this "scrumptious" program, for their Chinese playmates successfully staged a pantomime called, "Celestial Love", which proved very popular because of the original setting, the gorgeous costuming, and the excellent acting. In the beginning Boo Hoo lost his niece and finally was killed while her eager lover suffered the same fate.

You should have seen the Chinese names on the dance cards. No one could find his partner for the names couldn't be pronounced.

(And these Americans have the queerest ideas about dancing. They call it square dancing and seem to enjoy it. There were plenty of other dances, too.)

We were rather skeptical about the "eats," for we had feared that we might receive tea and broiled rice. However, our fears subsided when we were lavishly fed with sandwiches, pop, peanuts, ice cream and cakes,—real American food!

These Seniors surely did have a good time and are still thanking the Juniors for a delightful and original party.

SOPHOMORE-SENIOR PARTY

Before the Party April 12, 1929

Dear Mary,

Well kid—tonight is the Sophomore-Senior Party. It doesn't seem so long since I was a Sophomore and anxious for our party. Those poor children have worked so hard. I'm going—it's free. I hear they are to have good eats. Love, Marian

After the Party April 14,

Dearest Mary:

Well, last night was that Sophomore-Senior Party. And such a party! I had more fun. When we came down to the gym from the grand march, it looked like an old Italian Festival with a huge gypsy camp in the Center. Later we were entertained by the gypsies. A dirty gypsy hag told fortunes and two beautiful maidens danced.

Still later, troubador with their sax and banjos, played serenades to ladies fair, under an old cottage window—till one unappreciative colored mammy bade them "scat".

Then Count Mirabeau of Morocco danced for us, and Mary I'm telling you it was as good as "Blackbirds" that we saw in New York last summer.

No ordinary orchestra seemed good enough to these Sophomores, for a big orchestra that certainly was worthy of praise was imported for the honored Seniors. Everyone surely appreciated this music.

But Mary,—the best thing of all was the eats. There were honest-to-goodness chicken salad and wonderful punch and ice cream.

We Seniors surely do appreciate such an enjoyable party; for the Sophomores have risen about 100% in our opinion since that happy occasion. My bestest love, Marion

JUNIOR PARTY

644M—Hello Kate.—This is Jane.—Have a good time at the party last night?—I did. Wasn't the idea of a charity ball clever? And to think that Martha and George Washington were the hosts. So many celebreties were there too,—Amelia Earheart with Lindy, Pocohantas and John Smith and even Ann Rutlidge and Abe Lincoln.—Did I like the pantomimes? Why I thought they were wonderful. So well worked out and all the costumes were so pretty.—What did you think of the prize. It was adorable and the most original thing.—You know, I never saw a silver tree with honest to goodness chocolate cherries growing on it—but, just the same, I'll bet no Junior would say such trees shouldn't be growing.—But, Kate, know what I liked best?—Yep, guessed it the first time—eats. You have to confess they were wonderful.—I honestly never tasted such ice cream, cake, cake, punch, candy, etc. Well you know how that delicious food disappeared—And kid, the orchestra was real, fast and peppy or slow and dreamy—just right to suit everyone.—Square dancing? Yes, I noticed you seemed to like it. I think it's almost as much fun as round dancing, don't you?—We've been talking for ages; central will be furious.—Yes, I know it's necessary and important, but —Well, I'll see you tonight. Good-bye.

SOPHOMORE CLASS PARTY

"Are you going to the Sophomore Class party? I don't know whether to go or not. It will be kinda dumb I'spose. I never did like parties."

"Come on Jim; you might as well; there isn't anything else to do."

"Oh, all right,-but remember, you wished it on me."

Jim went to that class party and then you should have heard him rave; we thought he would never stop.

"Boy, I'm glad I went to that party. It was wonderful; why I had more fun than I ever did before. The names of the college track teams were crazy, and I was glad Knee Hi (Lehigh) got the prize for that 'tee-legged, tie-legged, bow-legged Knee Hi' was clever.

"We're supposed to be "Silly Sophomores"—but silly or not, I never laughed so much as at those races. The orchestra was great, too, and we had wonderful refreshments, the kinds of things, you would have at a track meet, you know,—two kinds of sandwiches, popcorn, pop and an ice cream sandwich.

"Why I wouldn't think of missing a C. H. S. party now for anything."

LATIN CLUB PARTY

The annual Latin Club Party, held November 6 in the C. H.S. Gymnasium, was an unusual success, for the Gym became for that night the Circus Maximus of the ancient Romans. The decorations were in the club colors which are the rich purple and gold of the true Romans. The many squealing sophomores were initiated with much vigor into the Socii Latini, and it may be truly said that the sophomores were glad when this part of the program was over. All but the sophomores enjoyed the Public Games; especially did the older members appreciate the milk drinking and the wiener bobbing contests and the chewing gum race.

After the initiations were over, a clever play, "The Lamentable Death of Julius Caesar," was presented. Here Caesar, Brutus, and all the conspirators were put to death while the audience howled with laughter. After this tragic event, the members of the club were left to their own devices and thoroughly enjoyed themselves dancing.

Refreshments that were indeed nectar and ambrosia to the hungry Sophs,—and others, added to the final joy of a happy occasion.

SOCIAL SERVICE CLUB PARTY

(Conversation Overheard)

"Mary Jane."

"Just a minute, Mother, I want to tell Betty about the party.

"Oh, Betty, it was so much fun; even Miss Trostle was dressed like all us 'kids'. She wore a hair ribbon and everything. We told stories in the auditorium, and some of the 'kids' played the piano. Then we went to the gym, and played games, 'Skating Away,' 'London Bridge', and 'Three Deep'— and we had the most fun.

"It was getting pretty late then for children to be out; so we had our eats,—a lolly pop, an eskimo pie, a bottle of pop and a box of animal crackers. After a few more games we all went home."

"Gee I wish I'd gone, too,"the regretful voice of Betty was heard.

"Mary," again and with more emphasis came the call.

"All right, I'm coming, Mother."

And then to Betty, "Better begin planning to go next year, for the 'Kid Party' is to be an annual event."



JUNIOR CLASS PLAY

On Friday March 22, 1929, the Junior Class presented the "Four-Flusher", a comedy of American youth, in three acts, to the largest and most pleased house that ever witnessed a Junior Play, not withstanding the fact that Junior Plays are always a great success.

All the players acted their parts with perfection and much credit was reflected upon the director, Miss Miller, for her excellent coaching.

The list of characters are as follows:—

Jerry Dean, Cashier in Riggs' Shoe Store *Marion Murphy*
Evangeline Gay, a Reporter *Helen Knarr.*
Horace Riggs, owner of Shoe Store *Lynn Goodman*
Andy Whittaker, a clerk, with Ambitions *Charles Mann.*
Mrs. Dwight Allen, a Society Leader *Mary Lou Rowles*
June Allen, Her Daughter *Laura Dietzel*
Dr. Giles Faraday *John Mohney*
P. J. Hannerton, a Banker *Chester Kinhead*
Robert Riggs, an Ex-College Student *Rance Thorpe*
Newsboy *Clarence Lawhead*
Ira Whittaker, Andy's uncle from California *Kenneth Jardon*
Mr. Rogers, an automobile Salesman *Clair Albert*
Mr. Gateson, a Jeweler *Leslie Stuby*
The Maid *Mabel Armstrong*
Play Director *Miss Nancy M. Miller*

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Business Manager *Arthur Morrison*
Publicity Manager *Fred Meagher*
Property Managers *Clair Albert*
Helen Knarr
Stage Managers *Ralph Penvose*
Samuel Fullerton
Prompter *Aileen Stauffer*



SOPHOMORE CLASS PLAY

Dec. 7, the Sophomores suddenly stepped from obscurity into the limelight by the presentation of a well known but ever new play, "Daddy Long-Legs."

This play features Judy, an orphan, educated by Jarvis Pendleton, her guardian, whom she has never seen and whom she nicknamed "Daddy Long-Legs." The amusing scenes in the orphanage combined with an intriguing plot which comes to a finale by having Judy marry her"Daddy Long-Legs" left the audience completely satisfied.

Much praise is due Miss Ewing and Miss Albright, the efficient coaches, who with the aid of various students as assistants made the production possible.

THE CAST

Jervis Pendleton	*Charles McNulty*
James McBride	*Howard Stewart*
Cyrus Wykaff	*Joseph Dague*
Abner Parsons	*Woodie Tribley*
Another director	*Blair Fargo*
Griggs	*Maurice Smeal*
Walters	*Fred Norris*
Judy	*Frances Wilson*
Mrs. Pritchard	*Margaret Sigety*
Julia Pendleton	*Agnes Jury*
Mrs. Pendleton	*Julia Gearhart*
Faithe McBride	*Florence Black*
Mrs. Semple	*Evelyn Brown*
Mrs. Lippett	*Johanna Powell*
Sadie Kate	*Hollis Lutz*
Gladiola	*Jane Barret*
Loretta	*Daisy Wagner*
Manie	*Flora Fletcher*
Fredie	*Chester Hixon*
Carrie	*Gertrude Decker*
Other orphans	*Gertrude Williams*
	Nadine Gearhart
Other Maid	*Eleanor Forsythe*

ASSISTANTS

Business Manager	*William Connelly*
Publicity Manager	*Margaret Gearhart*
Property Managers	*Caroline Cello*
	Richard McCloud
Stage Manager	*Joseph Stoughton*

CAROLINA MINSTREL

The Boys' Glee Club entertained the public with their annual minstrel, Thrusday, February 7. Their Carolina Minstrel was a success from beginning to end.

Interlocutor Edward Miller and his eight end men, Clair Davis, Fred Meagher, Tony Naddeo, Edward Vokes, Theron Smeal, William Connelly, Charles Ammerman, and William Jenkins made up a snappy group of leaders for the minstrel, opening the show.

Meagher's chalk-talk, Smeal's and Voke's mind-reading stunt, and Naddeo's dancing were features of the first part. Lyle Maines sang a southern number and the quartet composed of Bertram Quigley, Theron Smeal, Leonard Peterson, and Charles Mann appealed to the public. Probably the best number in the first part of the program was the duet by Ed. Miller and Bertram Quigley. Other soloists were Clair Davis, Theron Smeal, Charles Ammerman, and William Jenkins.

The Glee Club presented as second part of its program, "Freshies,"a one-act play. During this part, Clyde Shaffner and Tony Naddeo favored the audience with a lively clog dance. A banjo duet by Arthur Morrison and Milton McBride and a solo by Edward Miller made a hit with the spectators. The cast of the play were Leonard Peterson, Clayton Glass, Donovan Black, Oscar Shaffner, James Curry, Fred Gearheart, Joe Masser, Arthur Morrison, Edward Miller, Raymond Curry, Leo Spencer, and Duane Kyler.

Much credit is given to Miss Lumley, the director and to Miss Longanecker, the accompanist. The boys promise a still better and bigger minstrel next year.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB OPERETTA

The Girls' Glee Club displayed unusual talent in a clever operetta, entitled, "My Spanish Sweetheart." The production centered around many outstanding characters, such as Spanish Dancers, Dutch Kiddies, Charming English Girls, Burgo-Master, and other personalities; all these combined with elabrate costuming, made a colorful and interesting pageant. Some of the girls impersonated boys, which impersonation made the play most interesting, as they swaggered and mimicked their notes to perfection.

The Girls Glee Club Operetta is attracting much attention, which increases yearly as their technique becomes better known. This organization, under the able leadership of Miss Anna Lumley, has progressed with amazing rapidity. This splendid progress is and will be the subject of many admiring eyes.

The characters who led this years' Operetta and who made it the huge success it was, are as follows:

Thalia, *Goddess of Comedy*.....Gwendolyn Thompson
Melpomene, *Goddess of Tragedy*.....Julia Shaw
Terpsichore Twins { *Goddess of Dance*.....Pauline Turner
Terpsichore Twins { *Goddess of Song*.....Eloise Childs
Clio, *Goddess of History*.....Jean Northcraft
Calliope, *Goddess of Epic Poetry*.....Gertrude Decker
Urania, *Goddess of Astronomy*.....Ida Pierce
Erato, *Goddess of Love Poetry*.....Alice Edmiston
Polymnia, *Goddess of Sacred Poetry*.....Florence Black
Any Play, *an Interloper*.....Julia Eisenhaur
Cook.....Helen Stine
Dutch Twins { Kat.....Aileen Stauffer
Dutch Twins { *Kit*.....Jane Barrett
Dutch Twins { *Greta*.....Betty Bannon
Dutch Twins { *Blitz*.....Mildred Lawhead
Stadholder.....Evelyn Brown
Mrs. Smythe, *the Chaperon*.....Sarah Gingery
May Marchmont.....Elizabeth Smith
Sue Larchmont.....Hazel Mitchell
Jimmy, *Yankee Guide*.....Eleanor Forsythe
Don Pedro.....Evelyn Driggs
Lola, *a Spanish Singer*.....Violet Holes
Juan, *a Toreador*.....Margaret Gearhart
Juanita, *in love with him*.....Bertha Rougeaux
Raggedy Anne.....Mary Shively
Raggedy Andy.....Louise Watson
Spanish Fandango.....Dorothy Peterson

MAY DAY

May 17, what a day! A minature Mardi Gras! A Fairyland! What more could one wish?

May Day was, indeed, a gala occasion. The Queen and her royal Court slowly passed in front of the spectators. The Queen in her royal robes surrounded by beautifully gowned ladies-in-waiting, dainty pages and a guard of black uniformed cavalrymen led us back to our days of fairy tales with their beautiful princesses and handsome knights.

And such an entertainment as was provided for the royal Court! Each school in the town gave a special demonstration which showed such ability in performing that one could not choose one as superior to another. Clearfield Senior High School presented a special dance feature which made a very colorful picture in the events. As a grand finale came the great mass drill by the students of all wards, a sight ever to be remembered given with the precision of West Point Cadets. These pupils executed the drill several times. The whole company with the white dresses of the girls and white shirts and dark trousers of the boys presented an inspiring sight.

May Day has for the past few years been set aside as a school fete and no nearby town of equal size has ever presented anything so fantastic and entertaining as this celebration of the Clearfield Schools. Each year it increases in beauty and charm and attracts large crowds of strangers as well as those especially interested.

CLASS NIGHT

The Seniors are given their last opportunity to perform on the high school stage as students of Clearfield High School. Class Night has arrived.!

This year the Seniors will present a one-act play or class sketch, "The Ship of Life," under the coaching of Miss Ewing and Miss Miller. This last presentation seems to aid in rendering a little joy in return for the sorrow caused by the departure from school. In the development of the play the Donor, Prophet and Historian will be brought forth.

The High School Orchestra will play the welcome for the Seniors and render various selections during the evening.

Class night is an unforgettable event in the memory of every Senior. It is the final farewell to school activities and that part of school life which means so much to every student.

COMMENCEMENT

Commencement is here! Sad, sad to relate, Seniors, but it must come. The last three years spent in Clearfield High School are about to end, with a great finale in the activities of Commencement.

The first event of this week, the Baccalareate Sermon, is delivered to the Seniors, not as to boys and girls, but as to young men and women who are ready to leave the classroom for their different tasks in life. In this sermon the importance and value of an education is stressed and the opportunities and obligations of educated men and women.

It is a sad time, Commencement, but also a glad time. The Seniors have reached that goal for which they have been striving for three years, yes, for twelve years. This year four orations will be delivered by the honor students, Dorothy McCorkle, Dominic Cristine, Celeste Hess, and Violet Lansberry. A speaker of note will give the final advice to the Seniors before they are launched in in life, and the much coveted and long sought-for diplomas will be received.

The Senior Committee in charge of the 1929 Commencement Activities are:

Theron Smeal
William Cochrane
Jean Northcraft
Margaret Koon
Francis McDowell
Gordon Warner
Helen Mitchell
Dorothy Leas
Marie Henry
Edward Vokes
Jean Thurston
Lila Imdorf
Elizabeth Smith
Julia Shaw
Delphine Balum
Anna Mann



Book Four
Organizations

ORGANIZATIONS

Organizations play an important part in our school life. There are few pupils in C. H. S. who are not engaged in some extra-curricular activity. Each year as new interests are aroused, and as more students become members of our school, there is an occasion for the organization of a new club.

The purpose of these organizations, which vary in type, are similar in one respect, that of aiding the pupil to become a good school citizen. It is here that the pupil asserts in a small way his ability as a leader or as a good co-worker. Here too, he comes in closer contact with others, thus creating a spirit of friendliness which he could not gain by mere association with his classmates.

C. H. S. can complain of no dull activities. Every one functions well under the careful management of a competent adviser and carefully chosen officers. It is the boast of the pupils and teachers that C. H. S. is a real hive of activity for everyone.

THE 1929 BREEZE



BREEZE BOARD

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Celeste Hess

BUSINESS MANAGER

Walter Rishel

ADVERTISING MANAGER

Clayton Glass

LITERARY EDITORS

Sara Best

Anna Mann

ART EDITOR

Delphine Balum

ATHLETIC EDITOR

Gordon Warner

SOCIAL EDITOR

Lois Rowles

JOKE EDITOR

Lois Kennard

EXCHANGE EDITOR

Dominic Cristine

JUNIOR ASSISTANTS

Marian Jury
Joe Masser
Pauline Mauk
Fred Meagher

Arthur Morrison
Leonard Peterson
Mary Lou Rowles
Dorothy Wilson

Rembrandt Woolridge



CLEARFIELD HIGH COMMERCIAL CLUB

The Clearfield High Commercial Club was first organized in 1926 and re-organized for the school year of 1928-29. The following officers were elected:

PRESIDENT.....Violet Lansberiry
VICE-PRESIDENT.....Anna McIlvane
SECRETARY.....Rae Vokes
ASSISTANT SECRETARY.....Jean Shirey
TREASURER.....Helen Mitchel
ASSISTANT TREASURER.....Raye Fontenoy
PARLIAMENTARIAN.....Jennie Maines
ADVISER.....Miss Verlie High

In November a play was given in Chapel entitled, "Diogenes Looking for a Secretary," with the following cast:

The Boss.....Walter Rishel
Jimmie (The Office Boy).....Francis McDowell
Miss Devind.....Jennie Maines
Miss Corliss.....Edna Scogg
Stacy Smith.....Clayton Glass
First Applicant.....Lila Imdorf
Second Applicant.....Julia Shaw

As it is the custom to select one of the best assembly program plays to send to DuBois for our exchange program, we were greatly surprised to know that our play was chosen to represent our school.

In December, a Christmas Dinner at Jordan's was held instead of the regular monthly meeting. This was a new idea for the Commercial Club and was enjoyed by all. After a delicious dinner, speeches were given by members of the club and our guest, Dorothy Tate, gave a very interesting talk on her trip to Honolulu.

At our meeting in March, we were greatly honored to have Mr. H. B. Powell speak to us. The meetings of the club are always very interesting, being educational as well as recreational.



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council of Clearfield High School is an important factor in the school's activities. It is a centralized body for school problems, and acts as a clearing house for all matters of discussion. The power of the Council is felt though not always seen. It performs its work quietly.

When this organization was first started in 1927, there were many jobs to be done in the organization of our activities. As council after council achieved some work the activities of the body have been lessened in number, but not in importance.

Two major activities that the council set out to do during this term were to have a larger number of pupils take part in activites, and to establish a creed for C. H. S. This year we can safely say that more people entered into school activities than ever before. More attention was paid to our letters C. H. S., this year representing Courtesy, Honor, and Service. Our creed will embody these three essentials.

The following officers and members were elected for this term of the council:

First Semester:

President, Braden Woodside
Vice-President, Lois Rowles
Secretary, Donald Wilson
Treasurer, Jack Rowles

Second Semester:

President, Lila Imdorf
Vice-President, Clayton Glass
Secretary, Mary Lou Rowles
Treasurer, Gertrude Decker

MEMBERS

First Semester	Second Semester
Helen Mitchell	Violet Lansberry
Edward Vokes	Celeste Hess
Emma Ritter	Walter Rishell
Gordon Lucas	Dorothy Peterson
Pauline Mauk	Paul Kester
Thelma Mann	Chester Owens
Pauline Turner	Charles Young
Louise Fullington	Maynard Mullen
Marie Geynet	Belva Shaffer
Ica Stephens	Joe Wertz
Dorothy McCorkle	Lillian Bell



LINCOLN DOUGLAS DEBATING CLUB

In 1925-'26 the first Debating Club of C. H. S. was organized as the Lincoln Douglas Debating Club. Although the club was new, it had an interesting season.

1926-'27 found the Club two seasons old and ready for more and harder work. This year a debate was held with DuBois which proved successful for C. H. S.

1927-'28 the Club organized earlier than usual and began work. This year marked the beginnings of a County Literary Meet held in Clearfield, May 11, 1928. Our Club met two schools this year, the question being: Resolved, that the government should own and control its inland waterways. The debaters were Theron Smeal, Charles Mann, Ellen Stone, and Emily Nightingale.

In 1928-'29 we got an early start, organizing on October 4, 1928 with the following officers.

PRESIDENT Theron Smeal
VICE-PRESIDENT Irene Valimont
SECRETARY—TREASURER . . . Emily Nightingale

Debates were held among the classes with the Seniors winning the statuette of "The Health Fairy", presented by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

The Literary League of Clearfield County became a reality and the Club prepared to enter a team in the annual meet. The question was: Resolved, that Congress should provide a Secretary of Education in the President's Cabinet.

The teams chosen were: affirmative, Theron Smeal and Emily Nightingale; negative, Dominic Cristine and Margaret Koon.

April 2, these teams debated before the Kiwanians and April 5, the affirmative team met with DuBois at Clearfield to decide which of the two schools should enter a team in the County Meet. Clearfield won this debate, but was defeated by Mahaffey in the final elimination of the County Meet.

A group of energetic Sophomores and Juniors promises a good club for 1929-'30.



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Boys' Glee Club is one of the most successful organizations in Clearfield High School. Although only in its second year of existence, it is one of the most active in the school.

Early in the year the Glee Club met and elected the following officers:

PRESIDENT	Heber Straw
VICE-PRESIDENT	Clayton Glass
SECRETARY	Charles Mann
TREASURER	Edward Vokes
PROPERTY MANAGERS	Charles Ammerman
	Clair Davis

The Glee Club meets once a week and is under the able direction of Miss Lumley. A most successful minstrel was presented this year to a well pleased audience.

This ministrel showed to the best advantage the talent possessed by the club. A large cast working in perfect co-ordination provided the means by which a great number if not the whole club could prove their talents.

A selected quartette on various occasions during the school year has pleased appreciateve audiences not only of pupils and teachers but also of townspeople.

These activities show what can be done in the way of music by a group of talented and interested boys.

This organization has had two years of successful activity and hopes next year to increase and better these activities, following the popular slogan of our school, "Bigger and Better."



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The first meeting of the Girls' Glee Club was held the last week of September. At this time the following officers were elected:

PRESIDENT.....Dorothy Leas
VICE-PRESIDENT.....Mary Brungard
SECRETARY.....Marion Jury
TREASURER.....Lila Imdorf
LIBRARIANS.....Agnes Jury
Sarah Gingery
PIANIST.....Laura Dietzel
INSTRUCTOR.....Miss Anna P. Lumley

The first big success of the club was the Christmas Cantata, which was presented on December 18, 1928.

Their next presentation was the operetta, "My Spanish Sweetheart." This was given on April 25. The girls worked hard on this production, which due to the untiring efforts of Miss Lumley and the girls, proved to be one of the best features ever presented by the Glee Club.

This year's Glee Club has proved a success not only through the work of the girls but also through the work of their leader, Miss Anna P. Lumley.

In all other undertakings the girls have proved just as successful. On April 26, 1929, they provided talented singers for the mixed chorus which won first place in the County Literary Contest. They have also added greatly to Exchange Programs by the presentation of beautiful solos and splendid trios.

While all praise for unusual co-operation and unlimited activity goes to the club as a whole, each individual member profits greatly by this experience and training. Much credit is due Miss Lumley for her efficient direction and excellent instruction.

The Junior and Sophomore girls hope to make next year an even better success for the Club.



SOCII LATINI

The Latin Club was organized for 1928-29 with the following officers:

PRAESES.....Dominic Cristini
SUB-PRAESES.....Mose Norris
SCRIBA.....Louise Leonardson
AERARII PRAEFECTUS.....Charles Mann

The membership of this club has been steadily increasing each year since its organization and it is now one of the largest clubs in Clearfield High School. This year the old members were glad to welcome a large number of Sophomores who had signified their interest in joining. They took great pleasure in initiating the new members at the annual party in November. As an extra feature at this party, a cast of seventeen "Socii Latini," presented a "musical" play, entitled "The Lamentable Tragedy of Julius Caesar in Song and Verse.". This play was later presented to the student body at assembly with considerable success.

Owing to the establishment of a general school paper, the publishing of the "Mentor" has been discontinued, but other projects have been initiated and will be continued on a larger scale next year. One of these, the rental of Caesar and Virgil slides for the the use of the club members showed great possibilities. Another porject, the presentation of Eta Sigma Phi medals to the highest boy and girl in the Virgil class, was started this year and is to be continued in future years. The Latin Club's final social event for the year is the annual picnic, for which plans are now being laid.

All "Socii Latini" may feel well pleased with their organization and with the success of the year's program.



THE CLEARFIELD HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Early in the school term, the orchestra was organized and officers were elected as follows:

President.....Louise Curry
Secretary and Treasurer.....Walter Derrick
Librarian.....Ray Walker

Every Friday morning the orchestra has had charge of the music in chapel. The orchestra provided the music for the Sophomore and Junior Plays and also played at a banquet of the Kiwanis Club.

The following is the personnel of the orchestra:

Piano.....Louise Curry
Violin.....Miss Longanecker
Violin.....Walter Derrick
Violin.....Ray Walker
Violin.....Velma Stine
Violin.....Duane Kyler
Violin.....Milton McBride
Violin.....Leo Spencer
Violin.....Arthur Bumgarner
Saxaphone.....Martha Nipson
Saxaphone.....Robert Hisong
Clarinet.....Donovan Black
Clarinet.....Jack Rowles
Trombone.....Eugene Merry
Trombone.....Walter Woods
Trumpet.....Joe Dague
Drums.....William Connelly
Cello.....Enid Stage
Instructor.....Mr. W. H. Meade

Music classes, providing instruction in the playing of the different solo instruments, have been organized this term and these will help to increase the size and quality of the orchestra in future years.

The orchestra has been active in school entertainments. It has assisted at the Girls Operetta and May Music Festival. Throughout Commencement week the orchestra will furnish the music for the events; namely, Commencement, and Class Night.

The Orchestra has proved itself a worthy organization and a real asset to the Clearfield High School.



SOCIAL SERVICE CLUB

The Social Service Club, which is the working unit of the Senior High School Junior Red Cross, has had another successful year. In the general election in September, Jenny Maines was elected President of the organization by the entire student body. The club was then ready to elect officers and to overcome the formalities of getting acquainted. The latter was accomplished by means of a "Kid" party in which we weclomed many Sophomores.

The annual community chest drive supplied the amount of $73.00 which has been augmented by proceeds from sales at basket ball and football games. A variety of activities have been made possible by this fund, including contributions to the Clearfield Hospital, the Children's Home, the County Home, the Tuberculosis Society and other worthwhile causes. Programs have been given at the County Home and girls from the Club assist in games at the Children's Home.

Fifty Christmas stockings were filled with gifts for war veterans in the Government Hospital at Perrypoint, Md. An unusual interest was shown by the entire Junior Red Cross in this activity, and the interest in these fifty veterans is to be continued throughout the year.

We were singularly honored this year by a visit from the National Director of the American Junior Red Cross, Dr. H. B. Wilson, who spoke in assembly.

International Correspondence has been undertaken in the interest of world friendship. It is the purpose of the Club through these and many other activities made possible by the entire Junior Red Cross to grow in the spirit of service.

The officers are as follows:

President Jenny Maines
Vice-President Anna Mann
Secretary Edna Scog
Treasurer Dorothy McCorkle
Adviser Miss Trostle



THE TRIANGLE

The Triangle is the name of our school paper, organized, named, and published for the first time this year. The paper was designated "The Triangle," as a symbol of our school motto, Courtesy, Honor and Service.

The above motto is the purpose upon which our paper is firmly based. Courtesy to all who receive mention in our paper and to our subscribers; Honor in a strict representation of the truth; Service to our school, to our classmates, and to all who are in any way interested in our publication.

With this motto we hope to interest our readers so much that the "Triangle" will be firmly established in our school.

The members of the staff are:

Editor-in-Chief.....Dorothy McCorkle
Assistant Editor.....Louise Leonardson

DEPARTMENT EDITORS

Club Editors.....Dorothy Peterson.
Dorothy Leas
Exchange.....Francis Wilson
Donald Frantz
Feature and Humor.....Mary Anderson
Lillie Lawhead
News Editors.....Laura Deitzel
Anna Fleck
Sport Editors.....William Johnson
Billy Piper

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Business Manager.....Francis McDowell
Assistant.....Lyle Maines
Proof Readers.....Barbara Livingston
Marian Murphy
Jean Northcraft
Make-up Editors.....Elizabeth Ralston
Clair Malholland
Typists.....Dorothy Vokes
Ethel Irwin
Lucille Irwin

THE ASSEMBLY COMMITTEE

The Assembly Committee, an organization representing every home room in the school, has general supervision over the student assemblies. Through the efforts of this committee, many excellent programs are presented to the school, both by home rooms and organizations and by interested people in the community.

This year each member made an assembly chart for his home room upon which is kept a record of all appearances of members of each home room upon the assembly platform.

The personnel of the Assembly Committee is as follows:

Edna Scogg	Room 19
Margaret Koon	Room 23
Julia Shaw	Room 30
Helen Ralston	Room 21
Velma Rowles	Room 25
Fredolyn Walker	Room 28
Dorothy Wilson	Room 32
Ray Walker	Room 13
Jean Adams	Room 15
Mary Shively	Room 16
Bessie Caldwell	Room 17–26
Kenneth Caldwell	Room 22
Elva Lanich	Room 24

THE DANCE COMMITTEE

Clearfield High School students have the privilege of dancing for one hour Friday Afternoons in the gymnasium. This is indeed, a privelege considering the small number of schools who are granted this activity.

In order that this activity will be carried on in a manner which will not invite criticism, a committee of six students is put in charge of the Friday afternoon dancing and representatives of the Faculty, Miss Reno and Miss Trostle, supervise at this time.

The committee is composed of three Seniors, two Juniors, and one Sophomore. It is their duty to keep the standard of conduct as high at this time as during any other school entertainment. To keep this high standard requests are occasionally made of individuals for improvement in their conduct. In all cases the request should be courteously obeyed.

The dance Committee is composed of students interested in dancing who try to create an interest in this social past time among the entire student body.

This years committee is as follows:—Seniors, Lois Rowles, Hazel Mitchell, Edward Miller; Juniors, Dorothy Hastings, Joe Masser; and Sophomore, Jean Adams.

DUSK

Dusk with moths fluttering,
Elusive, spotted things,
Drowsy mothers hovering
With stardust on their wings.

Dusk with flowers nodding
Weighted with perfume,
Dew-kissed flowers
Shimmering 'neath the moon.

Jean Thurston, '29



Book Five
Literary

EDITORIAL

OUR DEDICATION

This year we have dedicated our book to the Alumni. We have felt their influence constantly through these four years. We knew that the activities in which we were participating were begun by them. We felt that hour of enjoyment on Friday afternoon had its beginning somewhere in the past, as did also other benefits and pleasures. Here in a humble dedication we hope to express our gratitude for these things which we have inherited from them and to take this opportunity to appeal to them as former fellow students.

Occasions have often arisen when the reputation of C. H. S. was assailed. When a false rumor being circulated is brought to ears of the alumni, a test of their loyalty to their Alma Mater is presented. Instead of encouraging such gossip, a real service to the school can be rendered by setting straight the misunderstanding.

Even though you have forever left her halls, C. H. S. still claims you. You are her sons and daughters; she challenges you to preserve and hold dear her standards of Courtesy, Honor, and Service.

ASSEMBLY

Three times a week from ten until ten thirty, the pupils of Clearfield High School enjoy a period of recreation and entertainment known as Assembly. At these times they assemble in the auditorium where programs are arranged for their enjoyment. This privilege has been granted to the pupils for so many years that it has been accepted as a favored custom.

As the personnel of the student body has changed, there has been a change in the attitude toward this entertainment. Singing which once was a delight to them has become "dry" and "old stuff". This is mainly due to the fact that the pupils sing the songs in the same manner for three years until becoming seniors, they have lost the zeal and pep for these songs which they had as sophomores.

Realizing the need for new songs, a committee from the student body met with Miss Lumley this year and selected different songs to be learned. Because the songs chosen do not happen to be each person's favorite, he should not ridicule and refuse to sing. To make our assembly what it should be everyone should co-operate in the singing on Mondays and Fridays.

The programs on Wednesdays should not be overlooked, for they provide real enjoyment both to the audience and participants. The home rooms this year have shown the proper spirit in presenting their plays and other programs so well on Wednesday mornings. Talent from the town has graciously provided us with several very excellent entertainments.

Since this is the pupils own time for recreation, all should desire to make it the best possible and give no lack of courteous attention to the program and entertainers.

LITERARY

CONTENTMENT

I have heard of the lure of the city
Bright lights that reflect on the sky;
I have heard of the modern flapper
With her heels three inches high.

That life may appeal to someone,
But it doesn't sound good to me;
Give me a chair by a fireplace
And a book to hold on my knee.

I have heard of the joy and contentment
That come from dancing till dawn;
I have heard of the feasts and the music
Where life is a jewel to pawn.

Give me an old cap and a rifle
And a dog to trot by my side;
Give me a good pal who is hearty
And a place in God's country wide.

You may keep your wonderful city
Where people are pleasure bent;
Give me the great gifts of nature,
And I—shall be—content.

Sara Best, '29

MIRACLES DON'T HAPPEN

"You lie!"

"I don't!"

"Don't make it worse."

"I tell you the ball lit in the left hand court. It was outside. I guess I ought to know, I was right there beside it."

"That doesn't mean a thing. I guess I have just as good eyes as you have. You can't gyp me. You've tried it too many times. You ought to know better."

These sharp, metallic words fairly leaped from the throats of two young, impetuous tennis-opponents, and were hurled at each other.

The crowd of interested onlookers, consisting of the younger and more athletically-inclined set of the C—— Country Club made a dashing modernistic pattern with their januty blue, green, red, and orange blazers, and bathing suits. They were grouped informally at the further end of the court, and were murmuring hushed comments on the game and players.

"Just like spoiled babies!"

"That must be their tenth quarrel in the last half-hour."

"Absolutely boring!"

"Whose point is it really?"

"Joan's."

"Oh, I think it's Roger's."

"To be frank, I couldn't say, for I was watching that stunning Mr. Etherton at the next court. Look at that curve. He plays superbly."

"Well, you've got to hand it to Joan and Roger. They sure do know their tennis, if they only wouldn't get so blamed hot headed over it."

"Yes, Bob, but it has to be endured. They do everything well, but the catch of it is that they always seem to pick each other for partners or rivals, as the case may be."

"Nobly spoken, Betty, the less they see of each other, the better, I'd say".

"Same here!"

Heedless of their audience, the now thoroughly excited and antagonistic couple continued their quarrel.

"Know better? Know better? Why, Roger Kirkwood, the idea? Even though you are as stubborn as they come, you might as least have the common courtesy to admit a thing when you're wrong."

"I've tried courtesy, but it doesn't seem to work with you."

"What? Courtesy? Why you don't even know the meaning of the word, let alone the use of it."

With this jibe she flung her racket with great force, prompted by anger, into the next court, and raced, with assumed haughtiness, to her car. The tennis racket barely missed the foot of another player.

Roger, handling his racket with scarcely less gentleness, marched past the crowd with a sullen look upon his handsome face.

The caretaker, a grizzled old man of about sixty-five years, whose bark was worse than his bite and who was beloved by all, had witnessed the scene. He ambled out to the court and picked up Joan's racket. He shook his head slowly, and thinking aloud to himself, he grumbled,"This here thing has become an every-day occurrence. It's got to be stopped. Rackets is too valuable to stand such usage, not to mention people's feet. Them two——" he rambled on, as he entered the supply room again.

The environment of the two main characters of this scene must take the blame for their conduct and reputation among their friends. Both Joan Miller and Roger Kirkwood were between the age of eighteen and twenty. Both were the only children of wealthy parents. Both had been over-indulged all their lives until they had become stubborn, selfish, careless, and high-tempered.

Josephine Ann Miller, Joan, was an extremely pretty girl, blessed with red hair, hazel eyes, and an indifferent attitude, commonly called nonchalance. She had a large circle of friends who and a indifferent attitude, commonly called nonchalance. She had a large circle of friends who did just as she wished, for as one girl casually put it, "Who wouldn't cater to her when it leads to teas, dances, week-end parties, and social-fame, all free of charge?"

And Roger Kirkwood? Of course, he belonged to the crowd. What else could one expect? In fact, both headed the social functions of the younger set in the moderate town.

Joan had just came down to breakfast the next morning. Every little thing that had happened had caused another little pucker to appear on her forehead. Her coffee was too hot; and her rolls were too cold. By the time the telephone had rung twice in the last few minutes, she was fairly started on the road to one of her "blue days". She walked slowly to the telephone.

"Hello!"

"Hello, Miller's! This you, Joan?"

"No, this is my mother," sweetly.

———Click———The receiver banged back onto its hook.

"There, I guess that'll set him back."

Ten minutes later, Roger decided to call again. "She always talks to me the second time, he mused; "she's kind that way."

"Hello!"

"Miller's?"

"Yes."

"May I speak to Joan?"

"This is she."

"Well, She, are you going to accept my apology?" Silence———

"I'm thinking".

"Don't think too hard, it's a great strain for you, y'know."

"People in glass houses shouldn't throw stones."

"All right, Patrick Henry, how about that apology?"

"I'll give it consideration," she retorted archly, "Come over at three o'clock and I'll make my decision."

"Oh, dear me," Roger mocked, "I"———click———the receiver came into its own again ———"Well, I'll be———".

Three Years Had Elapsed

Mr. Eli Kirkwood, Roger's father, had died about two years ago, shifting most of the weight of his business upon Roger's shoulders. At first he took his new responsibility as a game, and became very enthusiastic. Later when the novelty had worn off, he was hardly ever seen in the office.

One day his lawyer had called him into his office and told him that they had arrived at a crisis. The facts were that his father had not left so much money as everyone had supposed. Roger's business was sliding. He must take an interest in it or face ruin. Roger chose the former. Though it was hard for him, he worked steadily. He rarely saw Joan or the crowd.

Joan continued her frivolous life of dancing and playing, but to give her full credit, she, not having Rogers to encourage her, either lost or hid that fearful temper. She gradually acquired the nick-name, "Good-Sport."

The crowd had found something new about which they could gossip. They were fairly throbbing with it. They had discovered two more victims to clutch at and rake over the coals." Who were they? Why, Roger and Joan.

For the past two months they had been seen together again, but not disagreeing and arguing as before, but courteous and polite to each other.

"And," screamed one of the girls at a party, "just last night he sent her more roses than I could hold. Can you imagine?" She ended up in a shrill squeak. As a matter of fact, Joan and Roger were falling in love.

Mrs. Eli Kirkwood was entertaining some friends at tea in the drawing room, one afternoon. By friends, I mean, lady acquaintances who had always been in awe of her and who were uneasy in her presence.

She was speaking now. She held everyone's attention; her words meant so much to them; they seemed so sincere.

"Yes, girls," she drawled in her affected manner, "They've been married a month, and I've never seen such a devoted couple. It's just Heaven living with them. You would never believe them to be the old Joan and Roger. They treat each other so sweetly. They———"

Suddenly her tea cup took a decided swerve from its course to her mouth, and fell crashing to the floor, for from the library across the hall came these words, accusing and reproachful:

"You lie!"

"I don't!"

Mary K. Hall '30.

OPPORTUNITY

People in all walks of life, no matter whether rich or poor, make the exclamation "I never had the opportunity to become this or I never had the opportunity to become that."

Opportunity comes to everyone. It may not be that we can be as great as Washington, Lincoln, or Wilson,but we do have the opportunity to be straightforward, loyal and true,—not only to our country, but to ourselves and our friends as well.

The big chance to make something of ourselves comes only once in a lifetime; so it is up to us to make of ourselves a person that we would not be ashamed of. This can be accomplished only by having the will power to do so.

The opportunity to do something, no matter how small, will not come up to you, pat you on the back and say, 'I am your great opportunity. Use me to your best advantage."

Opportunity for every person begins in infancy. We are trained to greet our great opportunity by our years in school. Many boys and girls get discouraged when they are almost through grammar school and do not care to get a higher education. Every boy or girl can get a higher education if it is the will of either. All it requires is stick-to-it-ive-ness and hard work. This stick-to-it-ive-ness and hard work will prepare them better for the opportunity when it comes and give them better ground to work on.

Get all you can out of life in the right way; make the world a better place because you are in it, and the opportunity you are waiting and looking for will not pass you by.

"Give of your best to your home, school, country, and God," and your opportunity to prove yourself will not be lacking.

V. L. '29.

ON LETTING THE HAIR GROW

This is a very delicate subject, and sometimes a very sad one as well.

It has lately become quite fashionable to let one's hair grow, if one happens to be a female.

Now some of us don't mind such an experience at all,—in fact we get quite a "kick" out of it, but for others, it is a nerve-racking job and an altogether unpleasant one. But we simply cannot be out of style; so we martyrs grin and bear it.

Every day one gazes disgustedly in the mirror at her slowly disappearing shingle. Finally the shingle grows out, and at this stage, dear reader, one's friends begin pestering her with this very original question, "Are you letting your hair grow?" nor do they tire of repeating it until she goes crazy, commits suicide, or gets a boyish bob.

Of course there are many brave souls who never give in, even when their mothers exclaim day after day, "Mercy, child, do get your hair cut; it looks positively disgraceful, and besides it makes you look too old."

But they just laugh and say, "Wait and see how bee-u-tiful it will look when I can sit on it."

"Of course it isn't a bit of trouble, since the invention of the "Bobby" pin—a remarkable invention! When the hair gets to that in-between stage,—neither long nor short—just put it up with "Bobby" pins. It is all very simple. Anyone will tell you that.

One merely stands before a mirror for an hour twisting and squirming to see that every hair is in place, then with a smile of satisfaction she puts on her hat, goes to the nearest barber shop, and has it cut.

B. L. Livingston, '29.

LIFE

Into my eyes life shines;
Filled with its light,
Shining and gleaming
From morn till night.!

Into my heart it shines,
Greater than love,
Weaving so fire-like
But soft as a dove!

Into my soul it shines,
Rushing like play,
Happy as places,
Happy as day!

Ever in the world,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing everywhere,
Never a -weary;

Praise of all nations,
Still seeming blest,
Doubtful or joyful
Always thy best.

Full of a love,
Nothing can harm,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same.

Glorious Life!
Let my love be
Free from the perils,
Glorious like thee.

With appologies to Lowell

Rose Pellerite, '29

A PARODY

I remember, I remember
The school house on the hill
The little desk at which I sat
And tried to be so still.
The school was called the Leonard Grade,
Cleo Smith, the teacher.
Now, sometimes when tackling French,
To be there! Happy creature!

I remember, I remember
With what a heavy sigh,
I left the dear old Leonard Grade
To enter Junior High.
Teachers, teachers, everywhere,
Class rooms-numbers two, three, four;
Would I now ever really learn
What to do? "Nevermore".

I remember, I remember
How sad to say good-bye,
When as proud and learned Freshmen
We left the Junior High.
Now of these last three happy years
What shall I say? Oh my?
Only this-of all the sad words,
"Au revoir, Senior High."

Lewis Brown, '29

THE BIG BOYS

"Run out and play now, John," a mother said to her seven year old son.

"Bye, mom," the lad shouted as he tore out the door.

Mrs. Grant looked up from her work and gazed at the door through which her son had just departed. "He is growing up so quickly. I do hope he will continue to be as good a youth as he has been a youngster," she soliloquized.

In the meantime John had sprinted the half block to his friend's house. "Hey, Jim!" he shouted.

The door was opened by a sweet-faced young lady. "Why, hello, John," she said, "Come in; James will be ready in a minute."

"Thank you, Mrs. Green," John returned.

Soon a ruddy cheeked lad of John's own age came tumbling down the stairs. "Let's go," he said. And as he closed the door, "Bye, mom."

Mrs. Green looked up from her work. "It doesn't seem anytime since he was a baby. I do hope he shall be a good boy always," she murmured.

"Well, I guess I'd better be getting that custard ready for supper," she added.

During this time the boys had reached the vacant lot that was their ball field. The boys joined into a game of "scrub" that was in session. The boys played for a few minutes when two large boys apparently of high school age came by.

"Gee," whispered Jim to John, "There's Red McGuire the baseball captain, and one of the best halfbacks the high school ever had. The other fellow was all state tackle in football last year. He's Tuffy Curry."

"Hey, Kids, "the fellow designated as Red yelled. "How about getting into your game?"

"Sure thing," Jim replied and the assent of the others was quickly forthcoming. Their small chests swelled with pride, for they were playing with the star athlete of the school.

The game progressed and Red and Tuffy smoked and swore to impress upon their small worshipers that they were the original "thirty minute eggs."

Finally Tuffy came to bat and drove a wicked "liner" way out into the outfield. But, alas, the bat was not meant for such rough treatment and had broken. Tuffy turned to Red and in no polite or uncertain terms gave his opinion of that bat. Then the two swaggered off down the street, showing their self-importance.

"Boy, I hope I'm an athlete like them when I grow up," one small lad stated. The others repeated his wish for they were too small to realize the difference in character between that which they had seen and what should have been.

The game broke up, and John and Jim trudged homeward with visions of two high school stars occupying their minds.

A little later Mrs. Grant was startled by the ringing of the door bell; she rose and went ot the door. "Why, how do you do, Mrs Green," her voice could be heard saying.

"How do you do, Mrs. Grant," countered Mrs. Green, "I have run out of eggs, Mrs. Grant, and as I am having custard tonight, I must have some. Could you spare me a dozen?" she continued.

"I'll be delighted to, Mrs. Green," returned Mrs. Grant. "Come along out to the chicken coop while I gather them. Please."

As Mrs. Grant opened the door, the sound of two small boys' voices raised in vulgar condemnation of a bicycle was plainly heard.

"Oh, it's those horrid Morris boys again," Mrs. Green wailed. "I've forbidden Jim to play with them."

As the two women rounded the barn and came in sight of the chicken coop, they stopped, staggered back and then rushed forward. They did not stop their rush until each had grasped a small lad by the nape of the neck. The cause of this sudden burst of energy was the fact that two small boys had been sitting on the ground smoking and swearing like troopers. These two small lads were John Grant and James Green.

After supper had been finished, Mr. Grant turned upon his son a stern glance and in a firm tone that brooked no opposition said, "John, come with me."

When the two had reached the basement, and within reach of the kindling pile, Mr. Grant turned to his son and said, "You have been a very bad boy today and must be punished." With these words the young lad was thrown over the paternal knee and a good walloping administered to a spot designated as the "Place it would do the most good."

"Where did you get all those filthy, dirty ways?" inquired Mr. Grant.

"Well, the big boys do it. I don't see why I can't," John managed to blurt out between sobs.

"Well don't let it happen again," the father replied, and witht hat parting warning he journeyed upstairs to resume his interrupted reading.

The next day, when John went to school, he met Jim and comparing notes, as small boys do, they found each had gone through the same experience, an experience meant for the betterment of their condition. But alas, for both, the seed sown by the "big boys" had fallen on good soil and a good many more "lickings" were necessary before the boys saw the error of their ways.

You young men, referred to as "big boys," have a responsibility to meet. Regardless of who you are there is always one or more small chaps looking upon you with worshiping eyes. He sees in you what he wishes to be. He uses you for a model and copies your actions. If your actions are not what they ought to be, those of your worshiper will not be. If you are virtuous, he will be virtuous. "Big boys," it is your duty to appear as young men should, for unknown to you some youth or youths are copying your actions; they must always see you as you should be. "Big boys," square your shoulders and meet your responsibility with unflinching courage that shall bring honor to yourself and happiness to your worshiper.

Gordon Warner, '29.

A TEACHER

A source of knowledge, hope and trust
Inspirer of good deeds,
A great help in establishing
Foundations that one needs;
A mind all wisdon, knowing how
Learning and play to blend.
Like a parent—kind, impartial, just
My teacher and my friend!

Jean Thurston, '29

A NEGRO MINISTER'S CONCEPTION OF ADAM AND EVE

De Lord made man an' he made him out o' mud; an' he sit him up again' de fence to dry. He breaved in dat man de bref ob life; an'he called dat man Adam; an' he say, "Adam, eat all de fruit in de gardin' cep'n de apples in de middle ob de gardin', kase dem's my wintah apples." Den de Lord went away visitin'. By'm-by Adam got tired libbin' by himself all alone, so one day when he was asleepin', do Lord took a butcher knife an' he gauged out a rib; from dat rib he formed woman; an' he breaved in dat woman de bref ob life; an' he called dat woman Ebe. An 'he say, "Ebe, look a heah, honey! eat all de apples in de garden cep'n de apples in de middle ob de gardin', kase dem's my winter apples." Den de Lord went away visitin, agin'. By'm-by, de Debble kims dressed in de sarpent's skin; an' fust he goes up to Adam, and he says, "Look a heah, Adam, eat de wintah apple!" Adam say, "N'-n! De Lord say, eat all de apples in de gardin' cep'n de apples in de middle ob the gardin', kase dem's his wintah apples." Den de Debble went to Ebe, an' he chuck her under de chin an' he say, "Ebe, eat de wintah apple!" Ebe took de apple an' gave Adam a bite. Den de Lord kim back, an' fust he goes up to Adam, and he says in tones mose awful; "Adam, who eat dat wintah apple?" Adam was skard, paw'ful skard, an' he say, "I-I-I dunno, Lord, Ebe, I spec'!" Den de Lord went to Ebe, an' he say, "Ebe, who eat dat wintah apple?" Ebe say "I-I-I dunno; Adam I spec'!" Den de Lord got berry angry, oh, He war awful, my friends, an' He picks 'em up, by de back ob de nick, an' He flings 'em ober de fence, an' He say, "G earn you own libbin!"

Leona Lawhead, '29

THE MODERN HERO

Many, many years ago,
If story books tell right,
A boy was not a hero,
Unless he was a knight.

His hair is tousled and torn;
He never dresses up;
His clothes are shabby and worn,
For he's no stylish "Pup",

But now it all is different
From in the days of yore;
We think our hero greater
Than there ever was before.

He doesn't loaf in pool rooms,
Never enters a dance hall;
All our hero does to -day
Is just to play foot-ball.

Bea Rafferty, '29

SAD REMEMBRANCES

Remember the days when we went to school?
Those were the days we were happiest,
Over life's seas to roam;
When will they ever return to us?
"Never," I hear you moan.
Some one was saying. "Now don't forget,
Have a good time while you can;"
It was a warning from a toil worn friend,
Pursuing his school days again.

Elizabeth Wilson, '29

MEDITATION

Silence.....changeless silence,
Not the cruel silence of Death,
But that of the joyous infant Spring.
I sniff the air
Breathlessly;
It quivers with magic scent
Of burning leaves.
In the west
The new-born crescent
Lingers on the great black shoulder of the giant hill,
Delicate————fragile
Like a slender bow of Iris's arc, the star of evening
Gleams opalescent
In heaven's vaulted dome
Sending
Rays of silver from its crystal orbit.
Quietly
Mist enfolds the valley in her garments.
She rests lazily
On the hills
Looking down with great dignity
And an air of motherly protection.
The lanquid breeze
Can not keep the news
But whispers,
"New Earth!"
Rich brown sod
Teeming with life.
Thrilled with desire
To live———to live?
How queer?
To live? .
Life————are you fair?
Our youthful souls
Surge high with eagerness to live
And how quickly the world forgets its lovers!
For
When our spirits cross into
Eternity
There will be silence————changeless silence!

Elizabeth Smith, '29.

STUDY HALL

Papers flying everywhere
When the teacher's out.
Everyone settles down
When the teacher shouts.
Someone passes a note,
Someone drops a pen,
Someone drops a book,
And the teacher yells again.
We love the dear old study hall
With its ups and downs.
Everyone starts to study
When the teacher frowns.

Rae Vokes, '29

A STORY WITHOUT A TITLE

"Look, girls, there he goes."
"Where?"
"Let me see, too."
"Gee, ain't he handsome?"
"Gosh isn't Miriam lucky tho?"
"Yea, but she'd better watch herself or she'll find herself left behind some day. She just treats him like a penny dog."
"Oh,sh! there she comes around the corner."
"And there he comes too."
"Come on, slip in here and let on we're studying and maybe we can hear them."
"I hope so," was the reply.
Miriam spied Jack and not having noticed where the girls went, stopped him right by the study hall door.
"Hello! Jack, "she said almost curtly.
"Why hello there, Miriam, I didn't see you."
"Humph! it's very funny you didn't. I suppose you would have walked right past me. Are you coming up tonight?"
"Sure, I want to if you will let me. You know I asked you for this date tonight way last week."
"Well, I'm sorry, Jack, but my cousin's here and she doesn't like boys; so you can't come up"
"Aw, heck, how old is your cousin?"
"Just eighteen."
"Well, I'll bring Tom Jackson up for her. He's a nice kid. Would that be all right?"
"No."
"What's the matter? Don't you want this date?"
"Oh, well! I suppose you will have to come up."
"Gee, could I? Well so long, See you tonight for sure."
"Good-bye."
"Say, did you hear that?" asks a voice from the study hall after these two parted.
"Yea, she wanted him to come up bad enough only just wanted to be independent."
"I'll bet she's afraid her cousin will take Jack from her."
"She told him her cousin didn't like fellows and I heard at home she never had a night to herself, and that there's always a full waiting list."
"Say, I wonder what Diane Tompson will say about Jack's getting Tom for Miriam's cousin?"
"Well, why worry about the little things when there is an inviting drug store down on the corner just waiting for trade. Come on. Who's for a soda?"
"That's a good idea; let's do get one." Just as they came out of the door they met Diane and one of the girls cried out,
"Oh, Diane, do you have a date tonite?"
"No, why?"
"Oh, that was only her curiosity," answered another quickly, not wanting to tell of Jack's plan to get Tom.
Four hours later Jack and Tom were riding along West Front Street towards Miriam's house.
"Say, Jack, what is this girl I'm suppose to be with like? Is she good looking? Can she dance Does she date much? Tell me about her."
"Wait a minute, old boy. Give me chance to think.
"Well, Tom, I'll tell you. It's Miriam's cousin you are dating tonight and from what Miriam says she must be a rather old maid type. Doesn't like fellows, is eighteen years old, and I don't know anything else except maybe you are in for a bad time tonight, but help me out of this fix and Ill help you the same way anytime."
"Gee, here we are, Jack; what'll I do? Oh, well, prepare for the worst I guess,"sighed Tom.
Miriam answered Jack's ring and admitted the boys into the hall. After thay had taken off their coats and hats, she took them into the room and both boys looked up expecting to see a tall dark, angular-looking girl, but instead saw what looked like a fluffed up piece of chiffon with blond hair.
"Didn't your cousin come?" blurted out Jack before Miriam had time to say a word, while Tom stood staring unable to move.
"This is my cousin, Janet Channcey, from Altoona."
"How do you do! I'm Jack, nothing else, and this is Tom. Glad to meet you. Aren't we Tom?"
"You bet your boots we are."
"Oh, it's so lovely of you boys to come up tonight, for I was expecting to have to sit at home

all evening," exclaimed Janet.

"Well, we thought maybe you would like to take in the "King of Kings" at Philipsburg. Would you, or maybe you'd prefer staying at home?"

"Oh, no let's go to the show. It is supposed to be a very good. That is if Miriam wants to".

"Well, Janet, if you think you would enjoy it more than staying at home. Of course, that would take your mind off the boys."

"Yea!" drawled Janet.

While Janet and Miriam were upstairs getting their wraps, Jack looked at Tom, and Tom, at Jack.

"Gee, she sure is a pippin," said Tom.

"Yes," said Jack absent-mindedly for he was thinking about what Miriam had said about Janet's not liking boys. She sure likes them or else is throwing a darn good bluff. Well, I'll see later on, he thought. Then the girls appeared and Jack thought no more about it just then.

Jack and Miriam were in the front seat and Tom and Janet in the rumble seat, for the car was just a roadster. They rode along for awhile and then Jack asked, "How long do you expect to stay?"

"Oh, I expect to be here only a few days," was the reply.

"You seem to be very much taken with Miss Channcey," said Miriam with more feeling than necessary.

"Well, who wouldn't be? From what you said I thought she was an old pris, but am convinced differently now," answered Jack.

All this time Tom and Janet were conversing in low tones.

"Jack's a real nice boy isn't he?" questioned Janet.

"Oh, yes but don't you think I'm even a little bit nice?"

"Of course, I do," ironically.

"Entering the big city of Philipsburg," sang out Jack.

Soon they reached the theater and had purchased their tickets.

There wasn't much said during the show except occasionally Janet would lean over and say, "Isn't that wonderful?"

This roused Miriam's feelings because each time this question seemed to be addressed to Jack.

Before starting home Jack asked, "Weren't you too cold in the rumble seat coming over?"

Both Miriam and Tom said, "No", right away, altho Janet murmured a small "Yes," but was drowned out by the "No's". After they traveled a few miles Jack questioned, "Do you drive Janet?" And got the reply, "No, but I would love to learn."

"Come on up and I'll teach you cause there's practically no traffic." Stopping the car Jack helped Janet out and requested Miriam to sit in the rumble seat. She did so but not without a little grumbling.

The conversation in the front seat was about, "gear shifts," "brakes," etc., while in the rumble seat, Tom tried to stir up one with Miriam to make it look right, altho he also was a bit angry.

"The show was real good wasn't it, Miriam?" he questioned.

"Yes," she snapped, "but Janet and Jack talked too much."

Miriam's jealousy getting the better of her, she called out with a ring of anger in her voice, "Jack you're real mean. How often have I asked you to taech me to drive, and you refused?"

"Oh, well I'll teach you next week. I can't teach two at a time."

"I don't want to learn next week."

"All right, set any time you like after tonight," he hurled back. Presently nothing more was said in the rumble seat and very little but an occasional, "Use the brakes a little," and, "Watch the road more and not the steering gear," in the front.

The boys left the girls at the door after many thanks from Janet and a curt "Thank you," from Miriam.

Several days later a group of high school girls were seated around a table in the drug store, when one exclaimed, "Say, did you hear the latest?"

"No, what?" came back in a chorus.

"Jack Stanford and Miriam Huntwell don't speak in the halls or any place else for that matter."

"What did I tell you?"

"You were right; her independence left her alone. Maybe she'll realize now."

"Say, you didn't let me finish" broke in the first speaker, "I hear that Jack takes frequent trips to Altoona ,too."

"Oh, that's where her cousin lives isn't it?"

"Yea."

"Poor Miriam."

"Say, did any of you hear how Tom got out of the fix he was in with Diane for dating Miriam's cousin?"

"No."

"Here comes the answer," sang out one of the group, for just then Diane and Tom came in

together. Diane was holding Tom's arm and talking in a very pleasant way. They sat down at the next table.

"Well, I'm glad that's fixed up," sighed one, softly.

"Say, who'd you lose that you're sighing that way?"

"Oh, who asked you for comments?" the other snapped.

"Now, sweetheart, don't get mad at me; you know I didn't mean to hurt your feelings." This from Tom who was leaning close toward Diane.

"Simple," came as an answer.

The next night two of these same girls happened along West Front Street, when they saw Miriam and Jack in the car with Miriam at the wheel. Jack was explaining parts, altho the girls didn't see why he had to have his arm around her while doing it.

The next day Jack and Miriam were seen by these same girls walking down the street with arms linked. One of them murmured, "Gee, ain't it great to love and to be loved?"

Jack overheard this although he wasn't supposed to; turning around, he answered, "It certainly is, and if you don't believe that, ask Miriam."

Miriam readily gave an affirmative answer in a voice as sweet as honey.

Louise Gaulin,'30.

CLOUDS

The white clouds trip by,
Like sheep roving in the meadow,
Hunting the best of the greens.

The white clouds go flying by;
Like birds homing in the sky,
Before the storm is raging.

The white clouds sail by,
Like ships sailing in the blue, blue ocean,
After the gale is over.

Oh, tripping, sailing, flying clouds,
Could I but travel as fast
And high as you are sailing now!

Anna Tubbs, '31

SHADOWS

I looked out of my window last night.
Into the black, black sky.
An old dark cloud kept back the light.
The world was dull and dry.

Slowly but steadily the moon comes forth
To brighten our heavenly home.
Its moments stay seemed nothing worth,
For again it started to roam.

Just so we live our lives of toil,
Striving against a black sky.
And just as the moon from the clouds
uncoils,
We gain success on high.

Emily Nightingale, '29

A DEEP MYSTERY

The sea dashed its breakers on the sandy shore of one of the tropical islands. The large moon above sent down its soft rays through the waving palms.

Lele, the beautiful island girl, wandered on the shore with her lover. Lele's skin was olive in color not dark, like that of the island girls. Rumor reported that she had been left by a man, seventeen years ago, when she was a baby. Now Sona, a tribesman, loved her and soon they were to be married.

"The sea seems strangely disturbed tonight, Sona," she remarked.

"Yes, a great storm must be raging," he replied.

Wandering on, they came to the cliffs and clambered happily to the top by notches they had formerly carved. The moon shone brightly on the ocean. After they had sat there a long time looking out over the ocean, Lele saw something appear on the horizon in the moonlight.

"Look, Sona, something queer? Let us take a canoe and go see what it is?"

Sona, always ready for adventure, jumped from the boulder they were sitting on and assisted her down. They quickly descended the cliff to the moonlit beach below.

Drawing a canoe from the bushes, Sona placed Lele in the prow and began paddling with his powerful strength. Soon they reached the object. It was a man clinging to a log, afloat on the sea. They quickly unfastened his cold stiff arms, lifted him into the boat, and started for shore. Neither spoke. While Sona rowed, Lele applied all the first aid known to the tribe on the island.

When they again neared the beach, the old man in tattered clothing opened his fluttering eyelids. Lele urged Sona to hasten as life still remained in the body.

On gaining the shore they carried him to their dwelling hut in the interior.

Many days of fever followed; then the old man recovered. His mind was blank. He did not remember anything that had happened previously, not even his name or how he happened to be adrift on the sea.

Thus, for nearly six months, he lived with the quiet and kind tribe. In this time he became very strangely attached to Lele.

The day before Lele and Sona were to be married a great storm arose. Out of a calm and serene sky it came in the course of five minutes. Lightning flashed, thunder rolled and grumbled, and the sky darkened all the earth. The natives were frightened for never had such a storm been witnessed.

The old man out on the ocean fishing in a boat seemed touched by a tongue of the fiery lightning. Then in that flash he remembered all, recalled his name, knew why he was on the sea, knew why he was so greatly attached to Lele. He was Lele's father and had been on his way for her, sailing in a cruiser.

Straightway he rowed to the shore with the utmost swiftness. Having beached the canoe, he hastened to find his daughter. Then he began to explain why she could not marry the tribesman the next day. His story began:———

"I worked for the Merchant Marines carrying cargo from port to port. On this trip, your mother was sailing with me. As some of my crew had taken fever at the last port, we had stopped and were forced to stay at a certain port. Having to get the cargo on, under the circumstances, I was forced to take those burly men the port offered. When the storm arose, these men grew frightened and disobedient, losing control of the ship.

"The ship was dashed against some rocks. As the night was dark, we did not know where we were. Your mother and I floated, clinging to a plank; the following morning, we found ourselves beached on this island.

"Here we lived for a year; then you came, Lele. One day as your mother wandered on the cliffs she was bitten by a poisonous snake. For a week, she lay in a stupor; then the white trumpeter of God glided down and took her away to His Kingdom!

"Not long after that I signaled to a ship which chanced to pass. At the time you were in the interior of the island and I left because I intended to come to get you as soon as I reported to the marines. I knew the islanders would be good to you because they were kind and they already loved you. Thus I returned to the United States.

"When I reported to the Marines, I was given a ship but not a course which ran this way. Then I worked and saved my money till I should have enough to come for you. After seventeen long years I was at last on my way in my private cruiser. Then the storm arose and on those same rocks I had again been dashed, when you and Sona rescued me."

The old man ended, thinking now that Lele would not marry Sona, but much to the grief of the father, the lovers would not be parted. They determined to carry out their marriage the fol-

lowing evening under the soft and beaming stars.

Next afternoon, Lele and Sona went swimming in the bay. Both were strong swimmers, and they swam and dived for sometime. Before they should come out of the water they decided to have a race to a certain point and back again.

They started and were skimming along the water like two "skippers". Sona laid his face in the soft and soothing waves. Suddenly he was struck with horror. He saw a gray colored body! It was a shark. No,——more than one, it was a school of sharks! He knew all was over, for they never could hope to elude those man-eaters, since they were so far from the shore!

Quickly he seized Lele and quickly breathed the danger to her, for now the sharks seeing a great meal before them, were pursuing the swimmers.

On——on, whispering endearing and comforting words to each other, they swam, knowing it was a losing struggle.

On the horizon the sun had sunk until only a semicircle was to be seen. In the light of its dying rays the islanders saw two figures swim into the deep red and diasppear as though they were already immortal.

Dorothy Leas, '29.

THE TRAIL

As I go down the trail of life
Bearing bravely toil and trouble,
I do not retrace my steps,
But move on without a shudder.
I know not what I shall meet
At each little turn of the trail,
But I shall struggle onward
Whether I win or fail.

Some look before and after,
And pine for what is not,
And try to shum the annoyances
That are shoved upon their lot.
As for me, I've tried to scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear,
But as I travel onward
I drop by the wayside a tear.

When four score and ten years
I have been on the trail,
My hair will be streaked with gray
And my body be growing frail.
I'll raise my eyes in the distance to gaze,
And there I'll see a white haze.
With failing steps down the trail I'll run.
And there I'll see a bed of white lilies
Illumined by the sun.

Sam Fullerton, '30

CLOUDS

O clouds, clouds,
Fleecy white clouds,
That travel thru the sky,
Can you tell me,
Will you tell me
What above you lies?

O clouds, clouds,
Fleecy white clouds,
Tell me if you can
If He made you
Who made me,
That wondrous Divine Man?

What's above you?
What's below you?
Answer me if you can.
Are your castles real castles
Made by a magic wand?

Lloyd C. Holes, '29

THE CURTAIN PULLER

"Aw gee! You know blamed well you will never get the main part in the Firemen's play. Why—kid think of the guys just dyin' to show their ability, and you—you—why you don't stand the chance of becoming the curtain puller."

"Heck, Noozy, you never could guess how I want that part. Why—gosh! I just about have 'em at home believing I will get a part in the play, an' a good 'un too."

"Darn it all, Kid, I'spose now you will feel kinda' pink eared about breakin' the news to 'em but you jist gotta—that's all I've got to say. So long, kid; how I hope some time you show them there guys what think themselves so izzy switchey."

This was the conversation between two youths of Oakdale, whose ambition it was to show the village their importance around the place.

A four-act play was to be given by the firemen of this town and soon the characters were to be picked and their names posted in the postoffice. The characters were to be chosen by the officers of the fire company.

Now, every body in town expected Squire Adams' son, Arthur, to have a leading part, and they also predicted that Lawyer Howells' son, Jack, would get the part of the villian. Then too, it was a very well established fact that fire chief, Donnelly's, boy should have the part of the comeddian of the play.

Finally came the day, when the names of the characters chosen to represent the firemen in the play, were to be posted. Old folks, who had not been to the office for months, arrived and waited as eagerly as the youths and maidens of the village. From a town with a population of only one thousand people, about five hundred gathered at the post office.

The postmaster finally appeared and in his big brawny hand was a long sheet of paper. The people crowded forward as he tacked the paper on the wall.

"Gee! Just as I expected," came one youth's voice, "Arthur Adams got the leading part and Jack Howell is the villain.—What's this? Oh yes, Max Donnelly is to be the comedian."

There were signs of approval and grunts of disapproval heard from within this mass of people. At last, the play could start practice and begin to get under way to a huge success. The people finally withdrew from the post office and moved toward their homes.

Among this crowd was a very shabbily dressed woman of middle age, who was grasping the arm of a youth. One could read the word 'Poverty' from their appearance. As it was very cold, the lady kept pulling her worn old coat nearer to her breast.

The youth was Danny O'Harrow, and the lady with him was his mother. This was the youth who wanted so badly to be in the play. As they walked along the street the words of Noozy Flinn came back to him like a blow in the face. "You—you, why you don't stand a chance of becoming the curtain puller." How Danny would like to show him and the rest of the gang!

Coming up the street was a tall, well built youth of eighteen years, whose face showed marks of pride and a sarcastic nature. As one looked at him more closely, however, one could faintly notice glints of humor and perhaps even sympathy in his blue eyes. This youth was Arthur Adams, son of the town's squire and ruler.

He drew nearer and nearer to Danny and his mother and stopped squarely in front of them. His eyes wandered from mother to son, from their clothing to his and then he said in a haughty voice, "Well, Danny, what do you think of my becoming the town's favorite actor?"

"I'm glad you got the part," was all Danny could say when his throat filled with a lump he could not swallow and his eyes could no longer see.

"Well, I was wishing you had received the part because of your loyalty to the fire company," came from Arthur, much to Danny's astonishment.

"Oh, please don't say any more to my Danny," moaned Mrs. O'Harrow; "he's wanted it so bad an' don't get nothing for his work."

A shadow fell across the face of the Squire's son and a very different expression now gripped his features. He looked away as if in deep thought and buried his gloved hands in the pockets of his heavy overcoat.

"Say, Danny,—oh, I s'pose the governor will have hysterics at what I'm gonna to do, but I'm going to do it any how. Here it goes,—you be on deck tomorrow night to take my place as the hero of the play called, 'City Trails'."

Silence hovered over these three people, but after about two minutes Danny broke forth and babbled in a shaky voice, "How can I thank you, Sir? I will be there on deck, you can bet your last summer's tennis racket and I'll make the play a howlin' success."

No more words came from the mouth of the boy and Arthur Adams felt he was no longer needed. As Arthur moved away, Mrs. O'Harrow took hold of his hand and with tears streaming down her care-worn face, she looked Arthur in the eyes and spoke softly.

" 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me'. Remember, sir, my words and may God bless ye."

Arthur walked slowly from the couple, and as he went down the street, his heart seemed

to swell with joy as he recalled Mrs. O'Harrow's words.

Weeks flew by like birds, and finally the night arrived for the production of "City Trails." Everybody was there. In the best seats were the Adams family; in the very front row were the O'Harrow family; and in the second row were all the relations of the O'Harrows.

As the curtain rose, Noozy Flinn wished he hadn't said those words to Danny about the curtain puller. The play began,—the climax was reached,—and the play was over with a tremendous success.

"Well, I sure think that Danny O'Harrow has it in him to have a promising future, and right now I'm going to get him a real position," drawled Squire Adams to his son and wife.

Back in his room behind the stage Danny was being congratulated by all types of people. The Squire came back and was telling Danny of his splendid acting, when all at once, Danny sprung from the crowd and shaking his finger at someone cried out, " 'You—you, why you don't stand the chance of becoming the curtain puller'— how about that Noozy, old kid? Guess I showed 'em I knew my ropes, didn't I?"

Margaret J. Koon, '29.

THE TALE OF A MERMAID

Out of the attic window of the palace hung Neptune's youngest and fairest of daughters, Seaweedia, gazing into the pale green dusk which lay over the gorgeous palace beneath the waves. What pleasant thoughts could bring that tender look to her eyes, as blue as the shades in mother-of-pearl, could make her cheeks the color of coral? Suddenly the answer to this puzzle paddled into view, Sammy Sword fish, the object of her young love. Oh, if only her father approved!

Sammy swam up to the palace, and seeing her fair face at the upper window, climbed up the vine of rambling sea roses, hanging on by his teeth and wiggling his tail vigorously. Seaweedia's eyes sparkled merrily at the daring feat, *not* feet, of her darling. How she loved him! And he was the only young man of her acquaintance who knew enough to notice clothes, and to comment on her lovely new mermaid's tail, made in the latest style.

They greeted each other lovingly, and Sammy told her, between kisses, how becoming that new tail was. "What humor is your father in, my darling?" he suddenly asked. "I'd like to ask him once more about our marriage. Why ain't I a prince? He'd let us marry then."

"Darling, he'll only throw you out, as usual. I've been thinking hard, and I've got a plan," she eagerly replied.

They plotted long about it and finally, as Sammy hove out of view, everything seemed rosy.

But no! This fair romance looked doomed, for below, unnoticed by the two, stood an under gardener, trimming a coral hedge. He too loved Seaweedia, and planned to prick their plans like bubbles. He hastened into the palace, Luck seemingly with him, for he immediately found Nepture wandering around in his ermine robe, looking for finger marks and soap prints on the window panes, for it was near Hallowe'en. He confided all he had overheard, and Neptune's countenance grew purple with rage. They made *their* plans, and the under gardener walked away with an evil grin.

That night, when the pale moon shed soft beams beneath the water, a shadow stole up to the palace, and underneath the maiden's window gave a soft croak. Unnoticed were the two shadows behind the coral hedge. From her window slowly descended a ladder of seashells. Two shells full of clothes were thrown into Sammy's waiting arms and then at the top of the ladder was seen the figure of the Princess. Down she came. She mounted a seahorse waiting there, and by Sammy's side softly galloped away. Neptune, behind the hedge, ground his teeth at this outwitting, but he and the under gardener, the palace courtiers, and the stable boys were soon in hot pursuit. Suddenly Sammy heard the pursuing hoof beats, and turning his head saw the followers. The horses galloped faster, almost flying across the hard pebbles, but the pursuers were gaining fast. Great pearl-like tears were coursing down Seaweedia's cheeks as she urged the horse to a greater speed. But in vain, for she could now make out the bright purple features of her father. They could hear the pants of the racing horses behind, and knew it was the end. Sammy drew her to him. His bright sword flashed out. He drew it gently across her white throat, plunged it into his own faithful heart, and the lovers died in each other's arms.

Frances Wilson, '31

AVOIRDUPOIS

Yes, "Avoirdupois" is what I'm going to name this essay, and I'll try to show you why.

I was sitting in the Central Station of Toledo, Ohio,watching people getting weighed on a penny scale. I sat within hearing distance of the victims being weighed so heard the diagnosis of every person afflicted with avoirdupois.

The first one I observed was an over-dressed, overly-stout woman dragging her "hen-pecked"-looking little husband by her side. "Oh, Will-yum", said the female, "I must get weighed and see if that dieting has done me any good. I know I'm much thinner looking. Don't you think so, Will-yum?"

"Yes Mazie," answered a weak little voice.

After digging into her pocket-book for the much sought-after penny, the woman navigated toward the scales. Personally, I thought the scales would be nothing but a remembrance when the so-called Mazie got through weighing her girlish figure.

"Oh, Will-yum!", she shrieked, "I've gained six pounds. I might have known that foolish diet of Mrs. Woolworth's was just o lot of 'tom-foolery'. Come along Will-yum. Those people are staring at us as if we were a circus menagerie. I don't believe those scales are right. I know I'm thinner than I was. Mrs. Jones even told me I looked run-down."

"Yes, Mazie," was the echo.

So passed Mazie and Will-yum out of my life, but immediately following them came two young girls who did not look the least bit underfed.

"Oh let's get weighed, Mable," said the first one.

"No sir!" said Mable, "I just know I've gained."

"Aw, come on. I won't tell anyone if you have."

Mable advanced to the scale first, and dropped her penny into the slot. "Ye Stars! I've gained four pounds. Oh, I know these scales aren't right. Jim said he thought I was getting slimmer. Mind Jennie, don't you tell anyone."

"Now, whad'ye' think I'd tell for. Now lemme get weighed.—Christoper Columbus! never weighed that much in my life before. Oh Mable, I know these scales aren't right. Them free scales down at the drug store weighed me much thinner. Darned if I'm spending any more pennies on these here scales. They believe in giving you your money's worth anyway."

"Come on, Jennie, let's go. Those fellows over there are gapin' like they never saw a girl before."

And so the blame was laid on the best regulated type of scale in the country.

I had five more minutes to wait for my train, and as I was about to leave, a short, humpty-dumpty man with a lovely "bay window" came sneaking up to the scale. He acted like a cat stealing meat from the cupboard. With a satisfied looking grin on his moon-face he boarded the fateful scales and fed them a penny.

Presto Chango! The smile disappeared and the man slunk away in solitary misery. Evidently his reducing lessons had been in vain.

As it was time for my train, I began to travel onward. I haven't forgotten the appearance of those scales, and that night they grinned at me in my dreams and christened me, "Avoirdupois!"

Jean Thurston, '29.

A DAZZLING DEBUTANTE

Diana tossed her golden ball over a blue
field
Where two star flowers bloomed,
A big one—the mother,
A small one,—her daughter,
Sparkling and dazzling
As a society matron
Presenting her daughter
To the whirl of the pleasure mad world.

Dorothy McCorkle, '29

A GOOD DAY'S WORK

Last fall a tenderfoot was taken into our hunting camp. To the great amusement of the men he told of his wonderful experiences while hunting in Canada. Every evening he would tell a story. This kept up until one of the old hunters became tired of these tales.

One evening after the tenderfoot had told his story, the old hunter said, "That was a very good shot, but it is not so good as the one I made a few years ago.

"One day I took my gun and went into the woods. I walked about three miles until I came to the edge of a small clearing. Just as I was about to step into the open, a large buck bounded into the path. Just as I was ready to shoot, I heard a noise above my head. Glancing up, I saw nine wild turkeys sitting on a limb. I could not decide which to shoot, the wild turkeys or the buck. While making my decision a bear rose out of the bushes. This helped me to make my decision. I would play safe and shoot the bear. I slowly raised my gun and pulled the trigger. A loud explosion followed; then came the darkness. I was awakened by a loud noise above my head. Looking up I saw the turkeys trying to get away from the limb. The deer and the bear lay dead. I was sitting on two rabbits. The bullet had killed the bear, a piece of mud had gotten into the gun barrel causing it to burst. The barrel was thrown up against the limb. The force of the blow had cracked the limb. The crack had closed and caught those nine turkeys by their toes. The mud that had stuck in the barrel killed the deer; as the bullet killed the bear, the gun had kicked so hard that it had knocked me back into the bushes. I fell on two young rabbits and killed them. I gathered up my game and started for camp. On the way back I had to cross a stream. The fish smelled the blood and they swam up my pants legs. When I stepped on shore my pants legs were full of fish. The weight was too great for my suspender button and it snapped off, killing a racoon ten feet away. I gathered up the fish and the racoon and carried my game into camp."

During the story the tenderfoot had sat wide-eyed with wonder, but when he heard about the killing of the racoon he "passed out". It was noticed that the tenderfoot never told another story

Sylvan Bloom, '29

MY LETTER

My hair is brown, my eyes are blue;
My complexion dark, and freckled, too;
I have no dimples; my hair won't curl,
But I am not an ordinary girl.

My family is well, as well as can be.
When Baby is teething, and cross as a bee.
When Brother has measles, and Sister the
mumps,
And poor little me with my share of the
bumps.

But, I write poetry, you see,
Though it sounds quite good to me,
To you it may seem very bad,
But then—don't make me sad,
Tell me how to make it better,
And let me know in your next letter.

Lila Imdorf, '29

A REVERIE

The sun was sinking down over the golden forest. The birds were caroling their silvery calls saying "good night" to the world, as the last beam of sunlight disappeared.

An old man, nigh on to eighty years of age, sat smoking his pipe, on his porch, watching the sun bid farewell to the world and listening to the birds' sweet notes. The world was at rest, and as the twilight fell,a great peace filled his soul and he seemed to see in the smoke that came from his pipe the days of his youth. As his mind wandered back over the years, it lingered on his high school days in C. H. S.

There was the building where he had spent the happiest days of his life, when he was a carefree boy. The lifelong friendships he had made, the parties he had enjoyed, the thrill he got from the sports, and the many other events that had happened during his high school days,—these all came rushing up in a vivid recollection. Then there came the end of his school career, his graduation, when he no longer was a carefree boy but a man who was prepared to go out and face the world and who had received this preparation at this beloved school.

As the darkness came he seemed to hear the high school students sing again—

"But Clearfield High, we still will hail,
While memory holds her sway!"

With that the reverie ended and the old man rose and tottered into the house.

Jenny Maines, '29.

NOCTURNAL SIMILES

The moon is like a golden cheese
Placed on a table with cloth of blue.
Will the gods feast on it over our heads
Bacchus, Appollo, Diana, too?

Gleaming moon-beams are silver paint
Dripping down from a brimful moon;
I'd like to stand on the highest hill
And catch them all in a giant spoon.

A glistening button on a somber dress,
That is a form of the moon and sky;
The starshine fastens the earth to the moon
Binding them fast with a luminous tie.

Frances Wilson, '31

A DREAM GARDEN

It was from my western window,
That I saw this garden wall.
Heavily laden with roses,
And a carpet hid the floor.
Yes, a carpet made of velvet,
Made from Mother Nature's moss.
And a spring of pure clear water,
Came trickling, sparkling forth.

There were vines, too, in this garden,
Climbing round and round the wall,
And the birds all sang so sweetly,
As they swayed both to and fro.
Oh! This was a pretty garden,
Glistening in the golden light.
But when I stopped again to look,
It had vanished from my sight.

Dorothy Irwin, '29

WOMEN

Doris was one of those vivid creatures whom everyone disliked at first, but from whom, upon acquaintance, no one could long remain aloof. As John sat thinking of her, he could remember those last words, "If you do, John, good-bye. I mean it." Her eyes had never looked so serious or her face so determined.

He knew she meant it, but—well, darn it, he, John Randolph,couldn't stand to be bossed by any woman. Why couldn't he smoke if he wanted to? Hadn't he drunk before he knew Doris Thatcher? Why should he tie himself to any girl's apron string?

John had liked many girls before. For a day, a week, and in some cases even a month. Ruth was a good dancer. He had taken her to the prom. Dot could talk and tell interesting experiences. He liked one for this and another for that, but Doris seemed to have all the likable qualities.

He didn't like smoking. It was just a hobby all the other fellows had. But when he thought how the others would razz him and say, "Another good man has turned us down," it was too much.

He had left in a hurry that last night. He didn't turn. He couldn't, for he knew his weakness. He kept on going. He would ask Vivian to the hop. Doris would be sorry and see her mistake and call him up.

By this time, in his haste, for he had been hurrying, he had come to Vivian's house. The door opened and like a flash a dark figure buried in a racoon coat ran down the steps and grabbed his arm. "Going up town, Johnnie?"

"Yeah," came the half reluctant answer.

"What's the matter you haven't been around lately? The bunch doesn't seem the same without you."

"Oh, nothing; I've been pretty busy; that's all.

Soon he felt his spirits returning. He thought of the old times and the fun the old bunch had had. Then he blurted out, "Going to the hop?"

"I hadn't planned to," she answered sweetly.

"Would you like to go with me?"

He hoped she would say, "No," even when he was asking.

"I'd love to," came the eager response.

Oh well, it was too late now. He knew he wouldn't have a good time. Well, he'd show Doris anyhow.

This last thought seemed to buoy his spirits a little and he was able to laugh at Vivian's silly chatter now and then.

But after he left Vivian, he felt even more wretched than ever. He wanted to see Doris. He wanted to rush up and ask her and see her face light up as she would say, "Sure, Johnnie."

As Friday approached, John Randolph felt worse and worse. He was through kidding himself. He couldn't even enjoy smoking. It seemed to choke him. He hated Vivian. How could he survive that evening? It was the day before the hop. Only one more day. Then it would be over. The phone rang. He got up to answer it. It was Vivian. She wasn't speaking very plainly. She seemed to choke as she said, "I'm sorry Johnnie, but I can't go. Mother just left for New York. She took all the dresses she owned and all mine too."

He heard this much between her sobs and was hardly able to keep from shouting as he said, "Gee, Vivian, I'm sorry too."

John dropped the receiver but in a second had lifted it again. And was saying, "Information, please. George Thatcher's residence on Pillsbury Avenue."

Celeste Hess, '29.

LIFE

Oh, life is so short,
Oh, life is so strange.
As I sit here gazing
At the moon and stars,
I wonder what life is like
In that planet, Mars.

Delphine Balum, '29

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

"Hello! Jack. Where are you going?" gasped a very modern looking girl, as she came running up to the roadster in which Jack Connad was sitting.

"I'm off for the game at DuBois," replied Jack.

"Oh! how thrilling. I wish that I might go, but Mother says that it's too cold and too far away."

"Oh! d—— the old back numbers," replied Jack. "Come on, hop in, I'll get you back in time for dinner."

"I don't think I ought to, though," sighed Connie, "but gee, no one will ever know, and I'm dying to see that game."

"Come on then; hop to it; it's getting late."

With a little thrill of excitement, she hopped in, and away they went over the smooth road. The air was quite snappy, and the first part of the drive was full of keen joy of speeding. A light rain, forming a hazy curtain in front of them, made the latter part of the trip much slower. They arrived a little late for the game, but the rain had not interfered with the players, and the excitement was at a high pitch. The score was very close, and it grew so exciting that Connie forgot to watch the time.

"Let's hurry, Jack," Connie said, when she looked at her watch, and saw how late it was.

"All right, off we go," Jack replied. "Good-bye kids," they called to their friends whom they had joined at the game.

"Bye-bye, see you later in Clearfield," shouted a dozen voices as their car sped away.

"Rain again. Oh! boy," Connie said. "But we'll simply have to fly if we want to get home before Mother. She is at a bridge party this afternoon, and I must be home before she gets there!"

"Never mind, old girl, we'll be there if I have to follow the air mail route," Jack laughingly replied, although he was far from sure of getting there in time.

On and on in the heavy rain. They fairly ploughed through the dense sheets of rain. And suddenly they both realized they were on the wrong road.

"Oh! what shall I do?" moaned Connie, who was now thoroughly sorry for her escapade.

"Go on to the next town, and telephone the home folks," said Jack, who considered it all as a huge lark.

But Connie was really sorry she had disobeyed her Mother, and things had gone wrong as they always did when she was disobedient.

They stopped at a filling station, and Connie decided to get out, and try to get a ride back to Clearfield; surely someone would come along soon.

And some one did. Connie's Dad who had been away on a business trip, drove up for gas. His eyes opened as big as saucers when he saw Connie, half crying, standing besides the car, and Jack with a stubborn look, shaking his head. As he got out of his car and walked towards them, he heard Jack say, "No, I'm not going back until I eat. Be sensible, Connie; we'll telephone, and tell your Mother, and then eat, and get back home soon as we can. There's no sense in our racing home now. We're already late. And besides I'm starved, and nearly frozen, and so are you. Oh hello, I—er," he stammered, as he turned and saw Connie's father standing back of them.

"Hello, what's the trouble here?" Mr. Miller said, throwing his arms around the two young folks with such a comforting air that Connie immediately put her head on his shoulder and cried for pure relief.

They told him the story, and as usual Dad was equal to the occasion.

I'll take Connie home with me," he said. "We'll be able to fix it all right with Mother. Don't worry children," for he insisted on calling them children, much to Connie's disgust.

So Connie, and her Dad drove away. They were silent during most of the drive, and when they turned in the driveway, behold! a light in the living room. Mother was home. But when they went up to the door they saw they were mistaken. It was only a reflection from the street light.

Dad pulled out his key, and they tiptoed in, Silence greeted them. Just then the telephone rang and Connie sprang to answer it.

"Hello, hello. Yes, this is Connie. Oh, is that you, Mother? Yes, yes. All right. Dad's here, and he can come over for you. Good-bye."

With a sigh of relief, Connie turned from the phone.

"That was Mother, When it rained so hard, the ladies decided to play several more games, and eat later. And she just now phoned for me to go for her. You go, Dad."

"All right, Connie. And your little escapade will be a secret between us. But better never be disobedient again."

"All right", grinned Connie, as she helped her Dad into his overcoat, and at the door waved a kiss to him.

"Yes, I promise," thought Connie, "unless—Oh well, maybe Mother will say 'Yes' next time."

She closed the door, and went into the living room, humming a gay little tune.

Elizabeth Gorman, '31

MEMORIES

What is dearer to us than memories?
They are something which cannot be sold
Be they either tinted with ashes,
Or entirely covered with gold.

Our dearest memories are our high school days,
Where our teachers, loving and kind,
Taught us the "do's "and "don'ts" of life
And trained us to use our mind.

The friends we made may stray away,
Their names we may forget,
But still the joys choose to remain;
The memories linger yet.

Helen Mitchell, '29

DAY DREAMING

As a student sits in the study hall,
And raises his eyes from his task
He lets his thoughts on the river fall,
Which is so lazily flowing past.
It dances and sparkles in the sunshine,
And his thoughts flow with it at last.

He sees a sunny hillside and then a shady dell,
And he thinks that he has found the place
Where he could always dwell,
But the sound of the buzzer awakes him,
And from the dream he comes
To find the period is ended
And that he has nothing done.

Sam Fullerton, '30

THE OLD AND NEW

Winter goes—
An old man in a mantle gray,
Whose pride it is to watch snowflakes play.
His howling and scolding to the trees,
Makes them cover up and shed their leaves.

Spring comes—
A maiden dressed entirely in green,
Who brings to us the New Year's dreams.
Her presence awakens the trees and flowers,
And shakes from their nap,—the April showers.

Margaret J. Koon, '29



Book Six
Athletics

ATHLETICS

The season of 1928–'29 in athletics was an average season for Clearfield High School.

The cross country and track teams enjoyed varied success in their campaigns. The cross country team finished third in their annual run.

The football season was a success. The team won all five of its conference games and was recognized as second placers in the conference. Against non-conference opponents the team was not so successful, winning only one out of four games played.

The basketball team's success was varied. After a brilliant start, they hit a bad slump. In midseason they spurted again only to strike another slump. Although finishing tie for fourth place in Section 6, N. W. P. I. A. A., the team was recognized as a formidable opponent throughout the league.

The girls basketball season was successful. They won three, lost two and tied one game. They were strong opposition for any team that encountered them.

To our coaches, Mr. Trimmer, Mr. Boggs, Mr. Jones, and Miss Brown much credit is due. They worked incessantly to develop winning teams. From a group of students, none too well schooled in their respective sports, these worthies fashioned teams that represented our school in a splendid fashion. Although these teams may not have enjoyed eminent success, from these coaches they have learned lessons that they will carry through life and that will make them better men and women for having learned them.

WEARERS OF THE C

FOOTBALL 1928

Ammerman, C.
Chelgren, T.
Connors, R.
Ferguson, B.
Kester, P.
Mallory, R.
Naddeo, T.
Schaefer, N.
Scott, W.
Shaffer, E.
Shepherd, W.
Straw, H.
Vokes, E.
Warner, G.
Williams, C.

BOYS' BASKETBALL 1928-'29

Chelgren, T.
Ferguson, B.
Roseberry, D.
Shepherd, W.
Stevenson, J.
Warner, G.
Williams, C.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL 1928-'29

Adams, G.
Adams, J.
Anderson, M.
Edmiston, A.
Geppert, A.
Lawhead, L.
Richards, D.
Thurston, J.
Troxell, H.

TRACK 1928

Confer, L.
Imdorf, E.
Robinson, D.
Schaefer, M.
Shaffner, O.
Shepherd, W.
Warner, G.
Welch. A.



1928-'29 Coaches and Captains

SCORES

FOOTBALL 1928

C. H. S. ... 20	Cooper Twp. .. 0	C. H. S. ... 6	Philipsburg ... 0
C. H. S. ... 28	Hollidaysburg ... 7	C. H. S. ... 41	State College ... 0
C. H. S. ... 13	Tyrone ... 0	C. H. S. ... 0	DuBois ... 38
C. H. S. ... 13	Punxsutawney ... 26	C. H. S. ... 0	Curwensville ... 6
C. H. S. ... 13	Altoona ... 12		

GIRLS' BASKETBALL 1928-'29

C. H. S. ... 27	Philipsburg ... 26	C. H. S. 17	Philipsburg ... 33
C. H. S. ... 24	DuBois ... 37	C. H. S. 33	Curwensville ... 33
C. H. S. ... 24	Curwensville ... 24	C. H. S. 25	DuBois ... 13

BOYS' BASKETBALL 1928-'29

C. H. S. ... 46	Alumni ... 38	C. H. S. ... 27	Reynoldsville ... 17
C. H. S. ... 56	Philipsburg ... 32	C. H. S. ... 36	Curwensville ... 27
C. H. S. ... 58	Curwensville ... 24	C. H. S. ... 16	Punxsutawney ... 12
C. H. S. ... 27	Philipsburg ... 21	C. H. S. ... 11	Altoona ... 18
C. H. S. ... 24	Reynoldsville ... 13	C. H. S. ... 19	Sykesville ... 22
C. H. S. ... 31	Punxsutawney ... 40	C. H. S. ... 23	Dubois ... 42
C. H. S. ... 27	Sykesville ... 28	C. H. S. ... 28	Brookville ... 21
C. H. S. ... 26	DuBois ... 41	C. H. S. ... 19	Indiana ... 27
C. H. S. ... 25	Brookville ... 23	C. H. S. ... 8	Altoona ... 27
C. H. S. ... 16	Indiana ... 21		

FOOTBALL





1928-29 Squad.

FOOTBALL

"Well, Jack, tomorrow we go back to the old grind," remarked Bill."School gives me a pain."

"Cheer up, Bill,"Jack returned. "Tomorrow we start chasing the pigskin again. Gosh, I can hardly wait."

These remarks were heard Labor Day in all parts of our fair city.

True to their word, Bill and Jack were on hand, together with about sixty other fellows when Coaches Trimmer and Boggs handed out the football uniforms.

The first week or so the squad was put through a series of conditioning exercises. Were those exercises hard? Well, just ask anyone that tried them. Everyone was so stiff and sore that the usual joys of football, such as kicking, passing, and catching passes, were tortures.

About the middle of September the squad began work in earnest. The first scrimmage and signal practices were held. Although the attendance fell off slightly due to the usual number's developing a dislike for scrimmages, the squad was taking on the semblance of a football team.

On September 25 the squad "bummed" and "thumbed" their way to Kylertown. The purpose of this jaunt was to get a line on the Cooper Township football team, as they were to be the guest of the Clearfield High Football team on the following Saturday.

The week before the Cooper Township game was filled with anxious thoughts as to the prospects from Kylertown. They had handled Snowshoe with ease in their first game, trouncing those lads 43-0. The nights were filled with dreams of dashes for touchdowns, brilliant tackles, and beautiful spiral punts or of disastrous fumbles and missed tackles.

The Saturday of this eventful game finally dawned. It was then but to do or die. A football team built around three letter men went forth to the fray and did.

Clearfield trotted on the field with a well matched team that went through their plays with matchless precision. From the opening kickoff until the end of the first quarter, there was not much difference between the teams. With the start of the second quarter, line plunges by Shepherd, off tackle dashes by Ferguson, and long spectacular sprints by Williams, soon put Ferguson over with Clearfield's initial touchdown of the season.

In the second half, Clearfield clearly demonstrated its superiority. Shepherd plunged his way across for his first touchdown of the game early in the third quarter. The rest of the quarter found Cooper desperately fighting off further advances of the Red and Black. In the fourth quarter Clearfield showed the bengfits of previous physicial training when their stamina outlasted that of Cooper. Shepherd cracked the Cooper line wide open for his second touchdown of the game. Rasty Williams followed this with a spectacular sixty yard dash for a touchdown. This was a lost effort because the referee had unintentionally declared the ball dead.



1928-29 Varsity.

That new line of Clearfield's performed in an even more creditable manner than the backfield. They held that powerful team from ever getting inside the Clearfield forty yard line. This 20-0 defeat of a Cooper football team was surely an auspicious start for a football season.

The following Saturday Clearfield played host to Hollidaysburg the first of our conference rivals.

In the first quarter of the game the advantage was decidely with Hollidaysburg. Only a severe attack of fumbling saved Clearfield from being scored on. The second qaurter started off as though it would be a repetition of the first, Hollidaysburg pressing the locals steadily back. The locals stiffened their defense on their own twenty yard line and held the Burgers for three downs. As a last resort they three a forward pass Shepherd sprang from the midst of the melee, grabbed the ball and set sail for the goal eight yards away. What's that, did someone catch him? No, I should say not. He finished that dash yards in fornt of his nearest pursuer, thus giving Clearfield the first blood of the battle.

That touchdown of Shepherd's so heartened Clearfield and disheartened Hollidaysburg that the indications that had been pointing for an easy Hollidaysburg victory were now reversed and pointed for a Clearfield win.

Hollidaysburg kicked off after that first score, and after seven plays "Rasty" Williams carried the pig skin across for our second touchdown.

At the start of the second half Hollidaysburg pushed a touchdown over against the reserves. Then Coach Trimmer sent in his regulars. After an exchange of punts, Clearfield marched forty yards up the field for a touchdown. Shepherd lugged the leather across.

The final quarter found Clearfield forcing the 'Burg steadily backward. Twice, however inside their own ten yards line they held Clearfield for downs. After that second stand Hollidaysburg was forced to kick from behind their goal line. An alert Clearfield lineman found a hole and broke through to block the punt which rolled out of the end zone, thereby netting Clearfield a safety. The "Burgers" punted to their forty-five and the ball was returned 15 yards by "Rasty". The next play sent Ferguson galloping thirty yards for the final score of the game. Evening found Clearfield holding up its first conference win by a score of 28 to 7.

Clearfield made their first trip of the season when they journeyed to Tyrone, for their second conference game. This battle resulted in Clearfield's second conference win, although the glory of victory was somewhat dimmed by the number of penalties Clearfield drew for roughness.

The first quarter was spent by both teams in finding weak spots of their opponents. It was not until the middle of the second quarter that either team was in position to score. It was at this time that Clearfield found themselves on Tyrone's forty yard line. A pass, Ferguson to Warner, was good for ten yards. A few seconds later Warner threw a thirty yard pass to "Rasty" Williams, who had both feet over the goal line. This was all the scoring that was done in the first half.

Scott, kicking off for Clearfield at the start of the second half, booted the ball over the goal line to the end zone where an alert Clearfield man fell on the ball for an apparent touchdown. The score was not allowed as a spectator had wandered into the end zone and touched the ball, this putt-



We'll Miss Them

ing the ball out of play.

The early part of the second half was used in an exchange of punts. Near the end of the third quarter "Rasty" made a running catch of a Tyrone punt and returned it thirty five yards to Tyrone's thirty yard lines. On the next play Shepherd tore thirty yards through the entire Tyrone team for a touchdown. It was a splendid exhibition of ball carrying. That concluded the scoring for the game.

The line was exceptionally strong in this game. They deserved the major part of the glory for the victory. Only once did Tyrone by any sort of continued drive get past midfield, and that time they were stopped on the Clearfield thirty five yard line.

The next game on the list was the annual battle with Punxsy. This game was destined to be the big gridiron battle of the year in these parts. Punxsy presented a team that had played together for three years, and led by the Roney brothers they were picked as favorites to win the clash. They did not disappoint their followers, for they took back the victory by a score of 26 to 13. This was Punsutawney's first football victory over Clearfield.

Punxsy kicked off to Clearfield and in seven plays Clearfield had a touchdown. "Rasty" started things off with a twenty-five yard run on the first play after the kickoff. Short gains by Ferguson and Williams netted Clearfield another first down. The remaining twenty-four yards to the goal line was made in a non-stop flight by Shepherd. Clearfield had scored in two minutes on Punxsy, a thing only one other team was able to do all year.

Punxsy came back strong, however, and pushed the Clearfielders slowly but steadily backward. Just after the second quarter started, Punxsy reached their objective when Louis Roney slid off tackle for a touchdown. That tied the score at 7 to 7. The score remained the same throughout the remainder of the first half as both teams battled on.

Both teams came back determined to be the first to break the tie. Punxsy were the fortunate ones, however, when the fleet Kingsley, broke off-tackle for a eighty yard run for touchdown. This aroused the Clearfield spirit and on the enusing kick-off, Warner returned the ball past mid-field. Clearfield pushed the Chucks back on their haunches. Punxsy fought valiantly, but Clearfield was not to be denied. Short gains by Ferguson, Shepherd and Williams put the ball in the shadow of of the Punxsy goalposts. Here Punxsy expecting a line plurge was outguessed when Shepherd shot around end for a touchdown.

The fourth quarter started with Punxsy pushing the rapidly weakening Clearfield team before them. Clearfield was tiring rapidly, with the result that Punxsy scored another touchdown.

Clearfield received the kick off. As the time was dwindling, Clearfield resorted to the overhead game in an effort to score. After a few successful passes had put the ball in midfield, Rich Chuck, center, intercepted a pass and raced to the Clearfield twenty-five yard line. On the next play Kingsley stepped around end for the final score of the game.



We'll Miss Them

Although that was the first time that Punxsy ever defeated Clearfield, and the first loss of the season for us, we are very proud of the game that the green Clearfield team put up against that veteran aggregation from Punxsutawney.

The next battle on the schedule was that with another old rival; namely, Altoona. These boys from the railroad city had been the only team to defeat Clearfield the year before. The week previous to the game the Clearfield team went through practice with a will and when they trotted on the field they were raring to go.

Altoona won the toss and elected to kick off. Clearfield received and after a few short gains were forced to kick. Upon receiving the punt Altoona started a steady march down the field. This march was not halted until after Altoona had crossed the Clearfield goal line, just at the end of the first quarter.

At the beginning of the second quarter the Clearfield team received the kickoff. They started goalward with a few gains. After two first downs had been gained, the Altoona line held. As a last resort Clearfield tried a pass. The pass, a forty yard toss, Warner to Vokes, was successful and placed the ball on the Altoona seven yard line. The next play was a reverse that fooled Altoona completely. Shepherd dashed around left end for a touchdown and followed this by booting the extra point. Thus Clearfield held a 7 to 6 advantage at the half time.

The second half started out with a bang for Clearfield. Warner returned the kickoff to midfield. Ferguson, Shepherd, and Williams were sent banging into the line and around the ends for short gains. Clearfield had the ball inside the Altoona ten yard line before their defense stiffened The Altoona team held for three downs and again Clearfield was forced to resort to an overhead pass. The ensuing pass was right into the hands of a Clearfield back who was well over the line, but in his excitement, he dropped the ball and it went to Altoona on downs.

This banging at Altoona aroused their spirit and they started on another one of their marches for a touchdown. Try as they would the Clearfield team could not stop the advance of that smashing Altoona attack. The march ended when a cleverly executed triple pass left the Clearfielders in a daze, while an Altoona back ran forty yards for a score. They missed the try for extra point however when the hard charging Clearfield line blocked their kick. The score stood 12 to 7 as the third quarter ended.

The early part of the fourth quarter found both teams engaged in an exchange of kicks. Finally Williams got loose returning a kick, and placed Clearfield in a good position to score. The ball was advanced to the Altoona ten yard line where Altoona took it on downs. A few moments later Altoona fumbled and Clearfield recovered. The ball was advanced to the Altoona three yard line by hard smashing plunges. Shepherd and Ferguson bore the brunt of this offensive attack. Again Altoona held. Again Clearfield went to the air. Shepherd shot a pass to Williams, who

with both feet on sacred ground snatched the ball out of the fingers of a waiting Altoona back. What matter if the try for extra point did fail? That was the winning goal was it not? It appeared so to the eyes of the fans.

But, wait! Altoona's fighting team were now launching an attack that bid fair to end in another score. One, two, three, four first downs were registered in rapid succession. A sudden cheer from the Clearfield fans and groans of disappointment from Altoona fans rent the air. A red and black jerseyed figure had intercepted an Altoona pass. Thus Ferguson's intercepting of an Altoona pass saved the day for Clearfield and she was victorious by a 13 to 12 score.

It was a hard fought game and Clearfield well deserved to win. It was a victory that set both the team and its loyal followers into an ecstacy of joy. It was very pleasing to retaliate for the only blemish on the previous season's record.

For the second week in a row the Clearfield Football Team went visiting. The hosts were our old foes, Philipsburg. The trouble that Clearfield has had defeating the Burgers of late has earned for this annual battle the name of a "jinx" game.

Clearfield, appearing vastly superior on paper, went into the game with the intention of conclusively proving to everyone the superiority of the Clearfielders. The "jinx," however, was not to be denied. It took four quarters for Clearfield to push over one touchdown and win the game.

Heavy rains falling all week had turned the clay infield of the ball diamond into a sticky bog. The outfield or grassy part of the field was in fair condition, but, strange to relate, the ball was only in that section of the field once.

The first half of the game was uninteresting, both teams failing to do any consistent gaining. The opposing sides would each advance the ball two or three yards; then kick.

In the second half, things got moving a little better for Clearfield. The ball was advanced by Williams and Shepherd for more than forty yards over the sticky clay, until it lay on the edge of the grassy portion. Things began to look rosier at this stage of the game, for it was thought that the speedy Clearfield offense would show some offensive power on the drier part of the field. Again the "jinx" asserted itself for at this point the third quarter ended and Clearfield was fifty yards away from the goal with a sea of mud before them.

With the beginning of the fourth quarter, the Clearfielders changed their tactics entirely. Instead of trying the ends and shooting off tackle, the offense was sent plunging into the fast weakening 'Burg line. Ferguson, almost singlehanded, carried the ball that fifty yards necessary for a score. Three small runs by Williams and short pass was all the help needed by Ferguson. Time after time Ferguson hurled himself into the thick of the opposition, and little by little Philipsburg was being driven back. Finally, with the ball resting on their three yard line, they held for three downs. One more down remained and both teams gathered themselves for their final efforts, one team to push across a score and another to check this final drive for a score. Ferguson crashed into the center of the 'Burg line and to a man they massed to stop his plunge. Although Philipsburg succeeded in stopping Ferguson, Shepherd had, unnoticed, slid off tackle for a touchdown. The game soon ended and Clearfield was victorious by a margin of 6 to 0.

The Saturday after the Pilipsburg game, Coach Trimmer took his men to Lewisburg, to see his alma mater, Bucknell gave battle to Lehigh. The purpose of the trip was to get a line on what real football players did and how they did it. The day spent at Bucknell was greatly enjoyed and it added much to the teams' knowledge of football.

The boys seemed to have learned plenty when Clearfield took on State College in their own back yard. It was the first dry day for over a month and Clearfield took advantage of the driness and piled up forty-one points.

From the opening kickoff till the closing whistle there was nothing to it but Clearfield. Warner ran the opening kickoff to midfield. "Rasty" Williams, Shepherd and Ferguson carried the ball to the State College goal line; whence Shepherd plunged across for a touchdown.

Shortly after the second quarter began, Shepherd made a twenty-five yard run that put the ball on State's ten yard line. On the next play, Ferguson went around end for a touchdown. After State received the kickoff they were forced to punt. "Rasty" took the punt in midfield and returned it fifteen yards. After Clearfield took a penalty. Shepherd made two runs: the first for fifteen yards, the second for twenty-five yards and a touchdown. As Shepherd had added three placements for extra points, the score at the half stood 21 to 0 for Clearfield.

Early in the second half Ferguson lost a fifteen yard run for a touchdown when someone held. The rest of the half found Clearfield's forward passing attack at its height. Shepherd tossed bullet passes to the receivers who dashed for touchdowns three times. The first pass was to Warner, who lugged the leather twenty-five yards to score. The second to Vokes, who dashed forty-nine yards to score. The last one was to Williams who sprinted thirty-one yards for the final touchdown. Shepherd was on in placement kicks for he booted five out of six extra points. The final score was 41 to 0 in favor of Clearfield.

The field and weather were ideal for the Clearfield style of play with the result that Clearfield played the best game of her season. Every man was at the peak of his game and put his best

playing on exhibition.

The annual "battle royal" with Dubois was staged in Dubois' back yard. The field was in poor condition, there being large chunks of ice on the field besides much mud and water.

The early part of the first quarter found both teams battling for a "break". The "break" was Dubois' when a poor pass from Clearfield's center resulted in a blocked kick, that was recovered by Dubois on Clearfield's ten yard line. In a couple of plays Dubois had a touchdown. Before the Clearfielders could quite recover, the Dubois team had another touchdown. Just before the quarter ended another break in the form of an intercepted pass gave Dubois a third touchdown. Thus the Dubois outfit lead at the end of the first quarter 19 to 0.

In the second quarter the game resumed a more normal routine. The teams battled on even terms. But yet again Dame Fortune smiled on Dubois. A "break" gave Dubois another touchdown. In attempting to knock down a pass, a Clearfield defensive man knocked the ball right into the hands of a Dubois end and he dashed for a score.

The second half was much more evenly played. In this half Dubois by real honest-to-goodness banging collected two more touchdowns.

Clearfield made their only bid for a touchdown in the second half. With the ball in midfield a pass, Shepherd to Warner , was good for twenty yards. A dash thru tackle by Shepherd netted twenty more yards. A pass was then shot to Captain Vokes, but "Teddy", although over the goal line, was out of bounds and the score did not count.

The boys played admirably in this game although faced by many disheartening breaks. They gave their all and took an awful cuffing. Although the condition of the field did not offer the best of advantages to Clearfield's style of play, the team did not quit in the face of this.

Dubois had a well coached team. They played great ball and deserved to win, although not by the 38 to 0 score they did get.

The game with Curwensville was the most disappointing one of the year. As Curwensville had never defeated Clearfield, our fans were desirous of having that reputation kept.

The game started off with neither team giving an inch. The teams battled back and forth the entire first quarter without a noticeable advantage for either team.

The only break of the game came early in the second quarter when Clearfield fumbled on her own nineteen yard line. Curwensville took advantage of the "break" and using Straw as her human battering ram pushed over the only touchdown of the day. The half ended 6 to 0 in favor of Curwensville.

The second half was just another deadlock, both teams holding the other when they got in scoring territory.

Clearfield tried nobly to overcome that small lead, but Curwensville repulsed every drive at their goal. The Clearfield team was at the lowest ebb of its whole season. The boys were willing to give everything, but they just didn't seem to help matters much.

Although Clearfield played its worst game of the season, Curwensville should be justly proud of its victory. The Curwensville team worked hard and succeeded in clearly outplaying Clearfield. Another day, perhaps, things might have been different. But let's not cry over spilt milk. The game is written in history as a victory for Curwensville by a count of 6 to 0.

"Well, Bill the season's over at last," Jack remarked, the day after Thanksgiving. "Gosh, but I'm sorry."

"You, sorry!" Bill returned sharply, "Why, you were the guy that said you could hardly wait for the season to end."

"I know I said that and I meant it too. It's hard work to go out and practice in rain, snow and mud. But then, after it's all over you feel sorry. You won't mind it as much for you'll be back playing football next year, while I graduate this year. Well, let's cut the sob stuff and talk about something else. What do you think of the prospects for next year, Bill?"

"Best team ever," was the enthusiastic reply, "We'll have a peach of a backfield; Bill Shepherd will be back and he ought to develop into the best ball carrier in this part of the state. "Rasty" Williams will be in there again, He'll be the one to rival Bill for honors as the real backfield man of these parts. I've heard that "Al" Poole will be back next year and that he has recovered sufficiently to play again. We have a lot of other promising backs including Conners, Katzman and Duckett.

"How about the line, I can't see that you'll have anything there."

"Line! Say Bo, we got enough line to be twins. Look at Ed Shaffer, Scott, Kester, Geppert Chelgen and Johnson. With last year's experience behind them those fellows ought to go good."

"You'll miss Ferguson, Schaefer, Straw, Ammerman, Vokes, Luzier, G. Carns,and Warner.

"Yes, we'll miss 'em all right. And boy, don't think we're going to have an easy time filling Trimmer's place. That boy is a real coach. "But we have some real players coming on too. Look at this list:—Woolridge, Tribley, Moore, Peoples, Caldwell, Montague, Davis, Fullington, Miller and Rowles, Say Jack, what did you think about the election for Captain."

"Say, Bill, you got a real captain when you elected Ed Shaffer. He's been the main stay of the line for two years and he deserves the honor. Well, Bill, I must be getting home. So Long."

"So Long."

SECOND TEAM FOOTBALL

"Say, Art, tomorrow's our day to shine. We've been out their getting pounded around by the varsity for two months now, but tomorrow it is our turn to do the pounding."

"You bet. Gosh, I can hardly wait. Wait'll you see me tuck that pigskin under my arm. I'm going to make those Morris Township babies look sick."

"Just watch me slaughter that guy that plays center opposite me tomorrow. I'll bet you a quarter I get the first tackle."

"Well, I'll bet you I get the first touchdown. No, I'll make it the first two touchdowns."

One may ask what was the occasion for all this chatter; so I'll let you in on the secret. It was the night before the Clearfield Reserves played Morris Township High School for the first reserve game of the season.

On Saturday, November 2, "Cy" Boggs and about twenty players boarded a bus to make the hop to Morrisdale.

"Hey! come back and sit with me, Art. I want to tell you what plays to use this afternoon. Get out I'm saving this seat for Art."

"Boy, I'll bet we beat those guys worse than the 13 to 0 that we beat them last year. Down in front. They're small change weren't you ever on a trip before?"

"Hey, Boggs, did you bring any tape? I want you to tape this bum ankle of mine. Say Ken, start a song going."

This and many other similar snatches of conversation employed the time while the boys were journeying to Morrisdale.

At Morrisdale the boys hopped into their suits and pranced around waiting for the fray to begin. The game opened with neither team being able to gain any yardage. The first quarter see-sawed back and forth with neither team getting a break. The second quarter proved to be a repetition of the first with neither team scoring. The advantage in the first half lay with Clearfield, due mainly to Woolridges' fine punting.

With the start of the second half Morris put an entirely new team on the field. Upon inquiring it was found that they were the Morris varsity and had been getting into togs ever since the game began. They were not at the field when the game started because they had taken a little too much time for hunting. These hunters proved to be better footballers than their precedssors.

The second half was nothing but Morris Township. They pounded the reserve team constantly and managed to push across four touchdowns before the game ended. Although two passes, Katzman to Fullington were good for twenty yards each, the reserves failed to score. The final score was 25 to 0 favor of Morris Township.

The jollity that prevailed in the bus on the way to the game was changed to a mood of serious contemplation. Many of the fellows in holding post-mortems were inclined to blame the loss of the game on the fact that they were riding on bus thirteen miles.

Armistic Day found the reserve gathering their weapons of warfare together in preparation for a game with the Houtzdale High School.

As it had rained for a week previous to Armistic Day, the field was in poor condition and was quite wet. Bur this fact did not dampen the ardar of the reserves. They were out to balance the scales for the previous defeat.

In this game the reserves were much superior; this is shown by the score. The reserves piled up many a first down; an off-tackle run by Connors, line plunges by Moore, end runs by Katzman and Duckett, and passes from Connors to Geppert and Johnson. But in the pinches the reserves did not seem to have that power to force the ball through their opponents. The line repulsed every advance of their heavier opponents with the skill that veterans of many a football team would have been proud to possess.

Early in the first half, Connors broke through tackle and raced forty yards to score what proved to be the only touchdown of the game.

Throughout the second half the reserves would push down the field only to lose the ball on downs when they got near the goal line. The condition of the field, which got steadily worse as the game progressed was probably a big factor in slowing up the reserves' offense. The reserves were very happy when the game ended with them on the long end of the a 6 to 0 score.

This journey home proved to be a joyful occasion with everyone vowing that he would show the varsity how football was played in the practice to come.

Early in December two boys stood in the lower hall of the school. One turned to the other and said, "You know, I can hardly wait till next year. I'm going to make that varsity sure next year if the coach will give me half a chance. If I get a crack at somebody next year like I hit those guys at Houtzdale, Clearfield's going to have an all conference tackle."

"I'm going to show Jones up next year," his friend replied. "I don't see who ever told him he could play football, I'll bet I'm the right half-back next year."

"I hope so, Art. Well I gotta be gettin' to basketball practice or coach will toss a fit. Goodbye, and all that sort of bunk."

"Be good and all that sort of rot."

BASKET BALL





1929 Boys' Varsity.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

"Well, Trim, how's basketball coming?" asked Mr. Jones.

"All right, about thirty five turned out, and I have a good idea who the varsity will be, but is a hard job to decide," answered Coach Trimmer.

"Think you can beat the Alumni?" questioned thet basketball star, Mr. Jones.

"Sure, without a doubt, " was the cheery answer.

So on December 17, 1928, a Clearfield High School basketball team went on the floor against a much larger and more experienced team. They had a good combination, with three experienced men from last year, although "Soupy" Chelgren and "Rasty" Williams were no greenies.

This game gave two full teams a chance to play, and it showed the Coach the weak spots of the teams, and also what material he had to work with.

It was a fast game, and no individual playing was shown on the high school's side. It was interesting up till the end, although the Alumni tired toward the end of the game. Williams and Ferguson were the fast stepping forwards, while "Soupy" Chelgren was the center, and Shepherd and Warner were the two guards that represented Clearfield in the first game. The "Red Devils" were ahead and not dead at the end, as the score will tell. It was 46-38 in our favor.

"Here is Christmas vacation," said Trim.

"Are you going to work them any?" asked the inquisitive Mr. Jones.

"Maybe, towards the end of vacation," was the answer.

"Say, Warner let's see you fellows knock them cold," said Coach to Captain Warner. He was referring to the game that was to be played.

Philipsburg came here Dec. 20, 1928, for our first game with a high school team. The game started with a bang, but the score was kept down by wild shooting. Clearfield started to ring the bell in the second quarter, not by luck, but by working their plays vigorously. Clearfield easily showed her superority.

Clearfield was still showing the same spirit of fight, while Philipsburg was spurred on by the words "never say die," and they didn't. Clearfield had to work right up to the finish, or she would not have shown her superiority. Clearfield had more plays in the game than the game before, a fact which helped.

The game ended with Clearfield's leading 56-32 although the second team played one full quarter.

"Your record is still clean, Trim," was Mr. Jones greeting to the Coach after the game.

"That's not saying how long it will be," replied Coach, 'but if they keep on playing this way, it may stay clean."

"Good-bye, and let's see you bring home the bacon," and with other numerous cries the boys were sent to slide down Philipsburg's cellar door.

Clearfield was rather handicapped this game. Captain Warner and Stevenson were both



1929 Girls Varsity

out. "Bill" Plummer got a workout this game, in which he showed he was not made of tissue paper. Many substitutes got chances. Clearfield fought hard, but did not get a break of any kind, although they always came back for more. The game ended 41-27 with Philipsburg the victor.

"That's a blot you won't erase," was Mr. Jones greeting.

"Aw, forget it, I'm thinking of the next game."

On January 11, 1929, Clearfield mounted their horses, and galloped over to play in Reynoldsville's new shanty. The peculiar surroundings of the new gym, and the hard basketball playing of the opponents were the main reasons for defeat. The teams played hard, neither one getting a break, the score being 2-1 at the end of the first quarter.

Clearfield could not find the basket until the fourth quarter; then they went into a stampede, and rung the bell so often that it seemed to sing out. Clearfield had 11 points, this quarter; Reynoldsville 7. But in spite of this rally, Clearfield was defeated 24-13.

"Say, you Oklahomian, what's the matter with that outfit of yours?" was the question that pierced Coach Trimmer's ear, on his return from Reyno.dsville.

"Will you please not make any more such oaths, you Pittsburghian?" was the quick response.

"Well, there comes your hardest game next week."

"Do you think I don't know that?" was the reply.

Clearfield basketball team crawled into two gasoline chariots, and started for Punxsy where they intended to play basketball in Punxsy's groundhog hole.

That fast stepping bunch of groundhogs knocked the Red Devils back down into Hades with a blow square on the jaw. They started the game fast, with the result that Clearfield was trailing behind at the end of the first half. Clearfield did not get a break until the last quarter, when on this rainy evening of January 18, 1929, Clearfield scored 10 points to Punxsy's 4, but Punxsy had luck and kept from defeat, when Roney, standing on our foul line, closed his eyes, shot, and made it; the game ended 40-31.

"Trim, you have a team there, and a good one, but you haven't any luck," was the opinion of Mr. Jones.

"Think I don't know it? But watch us tonight when we meet Sykesville," was the reply of the optimistic Coach.

Sykesville came to the "Heart of the Keystone" to play basketball, and to give Clearfield a chance to see a game at home for a change. Sykesville's rooters made plenty of noise. This game was perhaps one of the hardest played on this floor. Both teams battled back and forth, with very few breaks. Clearfield scored more field goals but were beaten on fouls. The close guarding of Warner and Stevenson were more than likely responsible for Sykesville's lack of field goals, while the fast stepping of the two forwards with the assistance of the center, were responsible for ours. Defeat was spelled by Creola, whose eagle eye and skill at shooting made a bull's eye.

So, on January 19, 1929, on Clearfield's barn roof, Sykesville won a basketball game to the tune of 28-27.



We'll Miss Them

"Holdin' 'em better now, Trim."

"Yes, well, we might win the next one," answered Coach.

DuBois came to play in our attic with one of the best teams in the league, on January 25, 1929. Every time one of their players got the ball, another of their players was under the basket. Clearfield could not get their sights adjusted and had trouble finding the basket. DuBois had most of the breaks, but also had a large, fast team that plays hard. Clearfield had Fate against them, but were always willing to come back for more, and did not quit until the final whistle. The game ended with many people dissatisfied with the score, 41-26—Clearfield being on the 26 half of the score.

"Isn't that a big, fast outfit that is hard to get around?" was Mr. Jones' comment.

"If we ever win, I think I'll kick off," replied Coach. "We have so little luck that I'm beginning to feel superstitious."

Clearfield advanced on Brookville with guns upraised, January 26, 1929. We made an attack at eight o'clock and it lasted for forty-eight minutes of hard basketball. The new baskets on this new battle field seemed to attract the attention of some "Red Devils." They seemed to like to hear the gong ring after the ball had slipped through to put the score higher for Clearfield. It was a hard fought game with no breaks to speak of, or no rallies. Clearfield just dropped the ball through one more time, as the final score will tell you—Clearfield 25—Brookville 23.

"That's getting back into you old stride, Trim," said the faithful commentator on each game.

"We will soon be making the leaders look up to us," was the reply from a happy Coach.

"Well Coach, we've come back. How long do you think it will last?" were the words of the joy-filled Captain Warner.

"It will last as long as you fellows play hard," was the quick reply.

"Let's see you men get the Indians' scalps," was the Coach's greeting in the dressing room, before the Indiana game, February 1, 1929.

The Indiana "Indians" sent their warriors from their wigwams with a basketball in their hands, and they were on the war path. Indiana came to play cowboy and Indian on Clearfield's vacant lot, and played a defensive game that would be hard to equal in any team. There were not many breaks in the game, because both teams were playing so hard they could not have time to rally. Clearfield tied Indians, but then the Indians came from their war dance into the war path and were ahead the rest of the game.

"21-27 with Clearfield on the low-end doesn't look so hot," was Mr. Jones' greeting to Coach Trimmer.

"Well, if you want to see these little boys from up the river slapped in the face, just slip up to Curwensville on February 8, 1929."

Clearfield took their marbles and went to play in Curwensville's ring. The "Red Devils" were Devils that night, if anybody ever was. The second team played the first quarter and showed their eye was good when they got their "dubs" and Curwensville's also.

The second half was very exciting. Curwensville rallied in the third quarter, while Clear-

BOYS' BASKETBALL (Continued on page 124)



We'll Miss Them

GIRLS' BASKETBALL 1929

RAH, RAH, RAH!
RAH, RAH, RAH!
RAH, RAH, RAH!

Another year has rolled around and again we turn to the feminine shrieks and tricks in basketball.

Immediately after the Christmas vacation, as a teacher was leaving the building, she heard a terrible racket. She couldn't imagine what it was all about and being a little curious, she found herself entering the gym. Why, of course, the girls' basketball season had arrived.

When the first call was made, a very large squad assembled in the gym with Mr. Jones and Miss Brown as their coaches. The season looked very promising, as a number of our last year's varsity squad was back again. Soon a schedule was made out and practices were held regularly.

The first game of the season, our girls acted as hostess to the Philipsburg Blue and Whites. Amid a great crowd and boisterous yelling, the game was off, each team determined to come out as the victor. Although the C. H. S. girls were the first to roll in a few field goals, their opponents were tossing some very slick passes. Each team found in the earlier part of the game that a hard battle was being fought. No sooner would Clearfield toss in a goal, than Philipsburg, with those clever passes, would deposit one for their school. This continued throughout the game, when to Clearfield's surprise, Philipsburg was one point ahead with only thirty three seconds to play, and the student body yelling. At last two free throws were given to Clearfield. Did they make them? Well, the Red Devils' sisters started their season with a 27-26 defeat for Philipsburg.

Encouraged by their first victory, the squad eagerly looked forward to the second game of the season. This game was played in the Dubois High Gym. Throughout the entire first half, the crowd saw first one team ahead and then the other. The first half ended, 17-16, with Clearfield High on the happier side. In the last half, the Black and White guards tightened up while the forwards kept tossing the ball in. Dubois worked up a s score which Clearfield could not pass. Although Clearfield lost the game with a 37-24 defeat, the teams were fairly evenly matched and good-sportsmanship on both sides was revealed to the spectators.

One defeat would not cause our girls to give up, but inspired them with eager ambition when they went to Curwensville for their next game. Did the Red and Blacks play good basketball? Well, although Curwensville scored first, our girls followed closely and brought in seven field goals. Both teams were fighting hard when the third quarter ended 12-21 in the opponent's favor. In the third quarter Curwensville played their best, running up the score against Clearfield's frantic efforts.



We'll Miss Them

When the fourth quarter started, the Clearfield girls rushed into the game like a tawny lion seeking revenge. Curwensville stood amazed, while our girls made basket after basket, but lo, the time was up and the girls brought the score 24-24, home.

Allowing the tie score to stand, the Clearfield girls decided to show their keen rivals who would win the return game on February 19. As the result C. H. S. defeated the up-river girls with a 35-33 score. This was one of the most keenly contested girls' games ever staged on the C. H. S. floor. The girls started the game with fans to the left of them, fans to the right of them, each group as determined as the players themselves. Clearfield was not very slick on shooting fouls, but balanced this fact by rolling in fifteen field goals. Our girls unable to keep in the lead followed close behind and the half ended 18-16 with Curwensville in the lead. Greater basketball skill was shown in the last half. Clearfield scored eight field goals to Curwensville's seven, the leading score shifting from one team to the other. Just as the whistle blew, a sigh of relief was heard from the Clearfield fans, for the score stood 35-33 in our favor.

With joy there is sorrow, in the midst of victory, there is defeat. This was proved when Clearfield's girls were forced to bow to the blue and white Philipites. Our girls fought a defensive game from start to finish. Although they were not able to score against the excellent playing their opponents put forth, they put up a good fight and made the Burgers work for what they received. Philipsburg with various tricks and passes brought the final score to 35-17 in their favor.

Though defeat was allowed to enter their season, our girls brought it to a close with an excellent, victorious game. The local found their revenge against Dubois on Clearfield's own floor, when they swamped the visiting team under the score of 25-12.

Capt. Troxell led her crew into a stiff battle. Dubois managed to keep a one-point lead in the first half, the score being 10-9. With the smooth team work of our forwards, Dubois proved to be the the weaker in the last half. Clearfield soon piled up a score that the Black and White were not able to reach. Those who played their last game for C. H. S. have just reasons for feeling proud. Though these Seniors will be missed in the coming year the students are looking forward to some more real basketball.



1929 High School Champions

LEAGUE BASKETBALL 1929

As soon as the football season ended and the players had tucked their moleskins away, the school turned their thoughts to basketball. The league, always a source of enjoyment to the boys of the school, was soon organized. At a meeting the following officers were elected:

President..... "Ed" Vokes
Secretary-Treasurer..... "Buzz" Ammerman
Adviser..... Mr. Weidner

These three met, arranged a schedule for the season, and organized the teams, of which there were seven. The teams were namely, Elites, consisting of faculty members; Buccaneers, captained by "Os" Shaffner; Nordics, captained by "Jim" Curry; Patches, captained by "Buzz" Ammerman; Sioux, captained by "Ken" Jordan; and the Black Aces, captained by "Ed" Miller.

The league was probably the best ever held in the high school, for five different teams held the league lead at some time or other during the season. After an exciting season, in which the entire school as well as the participants were interested the Elites, were proven to be the winners for the second successive year. The Elites, however, did not claim the championship and left it to the runners up. As the Scotchman and Buccaneers were tied for second place a play-off game was necessary. The Buccaneers were successful, and were proclaimed school champions. The Buccaneers were composed of the following members: Captain Cowdrick, Gilliland, Stevenson, Helsel, Duckett, Black, G. Carns, Caldwell, Jay, Katzman, and Marsden.

The final league standing:—

Team	Won	Lost	Percent
Elites	9	3	.750
Buccaneers	7	5	.583
Scotchmen	7	5	.583
Nordics	5	6	.500
Patches	6	6	.500
Sioux	5	7	.417
Black Aces	2	10	,167

In the play off for league championship, the Buccaneers defeated the Scotchmen by the score of 19-16.



JUNIOR HIGH BOYS' BASKETBALL

The boys' basketball team of C. J. H. S. had an especially successful season, having played five games and won four of them. Coach Boggs started the season by putting the boys through a number of vigorous exercises. This as usual, thins the ranks to quite an extent; however, the large number that survived the stringent routine of excercises was a surprise to everybody. After two weeks of "physical torture," Coach Boggs was ready to separate the cream from the milk. He chose four captains who in turn selected their teams. The Purple Team, captained by Barney, during the course of the season made rapid strides from the bottom of the list to the top, thus winning the championship.

The Grey Team, whose captain was Anderson, took second place in the league. The Green Team, captained by Logan, took third place. The Blue Team with Marsden as captain, took fourth place. From these four teams the J. H. S. varsity was chosen: Anderson, Logan, Marsden, Miller, Rowles, Swisher, Barney, Bigler, Butler, and Davis. They had one game with Punxsy, two games with Curwensville, and two with Dubois, at whose hands they suffered their only defeat. When the basketball season was brought to a close, the Athletic Committee conducted an annual foul shooting contest, which was won by Edmund Bigler, Bob Shull taking second, and Charles Marsden third. Dick Logan won the prize for high consecutive shooting, making nine consecutive shots.

As a final close to a successful season, the boys were given a banquet in the Domestic Science rooms. Here the boys endeavored to express their appreciation and thanks to Coach Boggs by presenting him with a handsome loving cup.



JUNIOR HIGH GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Again C. J. H. S. was fortunate to be represented by four teams: the Blues, Reds, Greens and Yellows. The girls' schedule, with the exception of games played among themselves, was not very heavy. Just two games were played, both being with our neighbors, Curwensville. The first game was given in the J. H. S. Gym, at which game Clearfield won to the tune of 20-15. The second game was played in Curwensville where the neighbors took the victory, when the contest ended with a score of 16-7.

The varsity chosen from the four teams was made up of the following girls:

Mary Winters.....Guard
Esther Woods.....Forward
Harriet Wilson.....J. Center
Ruth Beckman.....S. Center
Dorothy Meagher.....Forward
Hazel Jay.....Forward
Dorothy Cowdrick..Forward (Capt.)
Edith Fletcher.....Guard
Crispena Cristine.....Guard

FRED MEAGHER

BOYS' BASKETBALL (continued from page 117)

field was still in a stupor and threatened for awhile. But Curwensville was soon overcome, and the lead was a nice one for Clearfield at the final whistle. It was 36-27 with Curwensville having the spilled milk.

"Trim, who do you think you are, winning from those boys? Don't you know that is brutal?" was the joking question from the windy Mr. Jones.

"How do you like it?" snapped back the Coach.

Reynoldsville crawled into their stage coaches and started on the weather-beaten trail that ends in Clearfield, better known as Division Five of the Lakes to Sea Highway. When they tied their horses and the cargo of basketball players crawled out, we knew we were to witness a good basketball game. Reynoldsville was runner-up in the league for first place, while we were runners-up for the last place. The teams both battled back and forth the first half pretty evenly matched. In the second half, Clearfield fell into a trance which resulted in good news and victory for Clearfield.

"Say, what kind of stuff did you give those players?" was the weekly remark from Mr. Jones.

"Oh, I gave them some Oklahoma thoughts," was the answer of the tall Southern Coach.

The Punxsutawney players were out when they shouldn't have been, but they soon wished they were back in their groundhog hole in Punxsy. The boys whose chart had not been blotted, had a bad stain put on it. Both teams sweat blood most of the game; they fought back and forth evenly matched, until in the fourth quarter Clearfield jumped into their wheelbarrows and started to wheel over the groundhogs, killing them as they went. The result was 16-12, with Clearfield's head still above water.

"How many buttons are off your vest, Trim? You are so puffed up, I'll bet they're all off," was Mr. Jones' opinion of the Coach.

"Huh, we Oklahomians don't get puffed up over any victory," was the answer snapped back.

Altoona steamed up old 97, about 5:30, February 16, 1929, and rolled into the Clearfield roundhouse, but couldn't get her stopped, and raised quite a rumpus for awhile. The first half Altoona were decidely the favorites with all this steam packed away in old 97. It broke through all the the signals and tallied sixteen points the first half. The last half old 97 lost some steam, and never ran through a signal. But the last half Clearfield went into a stampede and stopped for nothing, but could not push old 97 behind. The result was that Altoona won to the tune of 18-9.

"Well, Trim, the railroaders stopped you before you could get started."

"Forget it; think of the future, young man," was the answer.

Clearfield was playing their annual ping pong game with Sykesville, February 22, 1929, in Sykesville's cellar. Both teams battled for breaks the whole game. Clearfield again got more field goals, but could not get their sights leveled on the fouls. Clearfield's luck was about as good as that of a horse on Broadway. After fighting like two roosters, the whole game; it resulted in a tie. Sykesville had a rally in the extra quarter, and beat us, although they had been outplayed.

"How do you like those eggs?" were the words that awakened Coach Trimmer the next morning.

"Well, we can't win without luck, can we?" was the question that was flung at Mr. Jones.

February 23, 1929, was the annual battle with Dubois on Dubois' swing. Dubois again showed they had an exceptional team. Both teams battled like lions. Clearfield swung a blow that hit Dubois on the nose, but they did not stay down ofr the count. In this time Clearfield was busy ringing the bell, which helped our score considerably. Dubois were the glorified boys while we were the mourners, because they had us trailing them. The score when the gun cracked last, was 42-23 in Dubois' favor.

"How does that suit you?" was Coach Trimmer's question.

"I guess it will have to do," was the decision of "Jonesy".

Brookville slipped silently into a good town, hoping to win the annual fray in the last home game for the Clearfield rooters. This game was rather slow, but both teams kept the score close. It seemed as if one score drew another like a magnet. In the final period, Clearfield jumped on their horses and chased the ball to and fro, making the net on the basket swish. It was a nice looking score board on this windy evening of March 1, 1929, with Clearfield ahead, 28-21.

"Well you old mackerel snapper, how do like that?" was an overjoyed Coach's question to an honest man tagged with the name of Jones.

On March 2, 1929, the "Red Devils" pulled out of C. H. S. and started for the camp of the tribe of Indiana Indians, stationed at Indiana. Instead of a group of wigwams, the Clearfielders joined one of the most beautiful high schools in Pennsylvania. The game was to be played in Indiana's hunting ground, with a basketball for the ammunition and baskets, the game.

It was a hard fought battle in which Indiana had a small advantage. There were not many breaks, but Indiana had bagged a little more game than Clearfield. There were no excuses to offer. or did anybody attempt to give any. After a hard fought game, Clearfield found themselves scalped. The haul was 27-19, with Indiana owning the heavier end.

"This is getting awful, Trim, but you must admit your outfit has more spirit than any other team," were the cheery words of Jones.

"You said it," was Coach Trimmers' only reply.

TRACK





1928 Track Squad

TRACK 1928

Early in April, Coach McMillan issued a call for track candidates. About fifty candidates responded and were immediately set to work.

The first few weeks were spent in perfecting form in the field events while the runners were building up their wind and stamina.

The first Friday in May brought on the annual class track meet. Enthusiasm ran high in the three classes as the teams' respective captains rounded up their men to compete in the different events. Some events brought surprising results while others produced the expected victories. The meet was won by the Seniors, with the Sophomores second, and the Juniors last.

On May 12, the Clearfield track team journeyed to Altoona to compete in the State District Meet at Cricket Field. The weather, though a little cool, was ideal for record breaking performances. The meet proved to be exceptionally fast and hotly contended. Lock Haven emerged victor for the second year in succession. The Lock Haven athletes in winning such a clean cut victory made some enviable marks.

Clearfield was not so successful in the Altoona Meet as they had hoped to be, making only eight and one-half points. The points scored for Clearfield were made by Welch, who placed second in the pole vault; "Buck" Schaefer, who tied for third in the pole vault; and Shepherd, who was fourth in the shotput.

The week following the Altoona Meet was spent in correcting mistakes that had cropped out in this meet. It was with a more confident mood that the team went to Clarion on May 18. At Clarion, they were competing in an annual meet held under the auspices of the Clarion State Normal School. Due to a heavy rainfall both before and during the meet, it proved to be very slow. Despite this handicap, Clearfield made a better showing than ever before in a Clarion Meet. Although Clearfield did not win first place, they succeeded in making thirteen and one-half points. The point scorers for Clearfield were:—Warner, first in the 440 yard dash; Confer, second in the javelin; Shepherd, second in the shotput; Imdorf, third in the javelin; and Welch, tie for fourth in the pole vault.

Clearfield then faced its big task, that of making a creditable showing in Clearfield's Seventh Annual Track Meet. The meet was a decided success as twenty schools participated making it the largest meet in Central Pennsylvania.

The high jump record was broken and the record for the half mile was tied. The record for the two mile run was broken, but due to a slight alteration in the course, the record was not declared official.



1929 Cross Country Squad

State College won the meet rather decisively as they scored forty-five points, twenty more than had Altoona, the runners-up. By winning the meet, State College became permanent possessors of the Kurtz cup, which is given to the team winning three successive meets. Clearfield made eleven and one-half points and had to be content with seventh place.

Clearfield's point scorers were:—Imdorf, second in the javelin; Confer, third in the javelin; Shaffner, third in the high hurdles; Robinson third in the high jump; and Welch, tie for third in the pole vault, and fourth in broad jump.

SCORES OF TEAMS

1st	State College	45 points
2nd	Altoona	25 points
3rd	Bellefonte	20 points
4th	Barnesboro	17 points
5th	Carrolltown	14 points
6th	DuBois	13 points
7th	Clearfield	11 points
8th	Tyrone	6 points
9th	Cresson	4 points
10th	Johnsonburg	3 points
11th	Miles Township	3 points
12th	Reynoldsville	1 point
12th	Sykesville	1 point
13th	Big Run	0 points
13th	Blockway	0 points
13th	Brookville	0 points
13th	Clearfield St. Francis	0 points
13th	Hollidaysburg	0 points
13th	Mahaffey	0 points
13th	Sandy Township	0 points

CROSS COUNTRY RUN 1929

The annual cross country race was held at Sykesville on Saturday, April 13, 1929.

Sykesville won the race and by so doing put an end to DuBois' three year reign as cross country champion of this section. The Sykesville runners knew how to run their course as is attested by their low score. The course was very stiff, being between two and one-half and three miles long over a very hilly district.

Venture, of Sykesville High was the individual winner with Rinkus, a teammate, in third place, a stride behind Hinderliter of Sandy Township.

Sykesville turned in a remarkable feat when they won the seven team race with 27 points. Big Run was second with 62 points; DuBois, third with 76 points; Clearfield, fourth with 88 points. Reynoldsville with 118 points, Sandy Township with 123 points and Brookville with 135 points were the other contestants. :The points credited to a team are the sum of the places their respective runners finish in; thus low score is the winner;.

The Clearfield runners finished in the field of thirty-five competitors as follows:—Kester, 10th; Ammerman, 15th; Schaefer, 18th; Bloom, 22nd; and Penvose, 23rd.

This was the fourth year for the cross country run, a pleasing fact to Clearfield because Clearfield has more than a passing interest in the event. This interest arises from the fact tnat the first crosscountry race was started four years ago by Clearfield under the direction of former Coach Reed. The prospects for its continuance were not so bright the first two seasons as Clearfield and DuBois were the only two teams to compete. The interest spread to other schools in the last two seasons to such an extent that this year there were seven teams entered in the run. As this is the greatest number of teams ever to enter the event, the followers of cross country feel confident that the race will be an assured fact for years to come.



Book Seven
Breezettes

BREEZETTES

The last division of "The Breeze" we have placed under the title of "Breezettes". This material is varied. It includes our Jokes, Exchange, and the names of our Patrons and Patronesses.

Although placed last, it certainly is not least in importance. We pride ourselves upon our fine collection of Jokes which add a necessary spice to any annual. Then, the Exchange Depatrment certainly must be considered an essential. Could any one imagine an Annual without these Exchange comments? Our Patrons and Patronesses are indeed among the first in importance. In closing our book we give them sincere thanks.

Thus, in the final division of our book we have placed material which is far from last in importance. It is a section which completes our book and adds to its success.



EXCHANGE



Delphine Balam '29

The exchange department of 1929 is small but very beneficial because we are brought in close contact with publications from other schools from whom we gain many valuable suggestions. We hope our suggestions may be of some value to their publications.

In this department we have some new as well as some old exchange members and we gladly welcome them. We are eager to see "The Canoe", a new member in this department.

"The Flambeau," Sandy High School, DuBois, Pa. You have a very fine literary section; the stories are especially interesting. We enjoyed your inspiring editorials. A few snap-shots would add to the interest of your annual. Call again!

"The Falcon," Tyrone High School, Tyrone, Pa., "The Falcon" is a well arranged and unique annual. Your club notes shows that there is great interest in the various activities of the school. Why not work some stories and poetry into such an excellent book? Call again!

"The Buzzer," St. Francis High School, Clearfield, Pa., You have made a very successful start in publishing "The Buzzer". The literary section is well balanced with interesting material. We enjoyed "The Scrap Book", which is a fine section of your annual. We wish you even greater success in future publications of "The Buzzer". Call again!

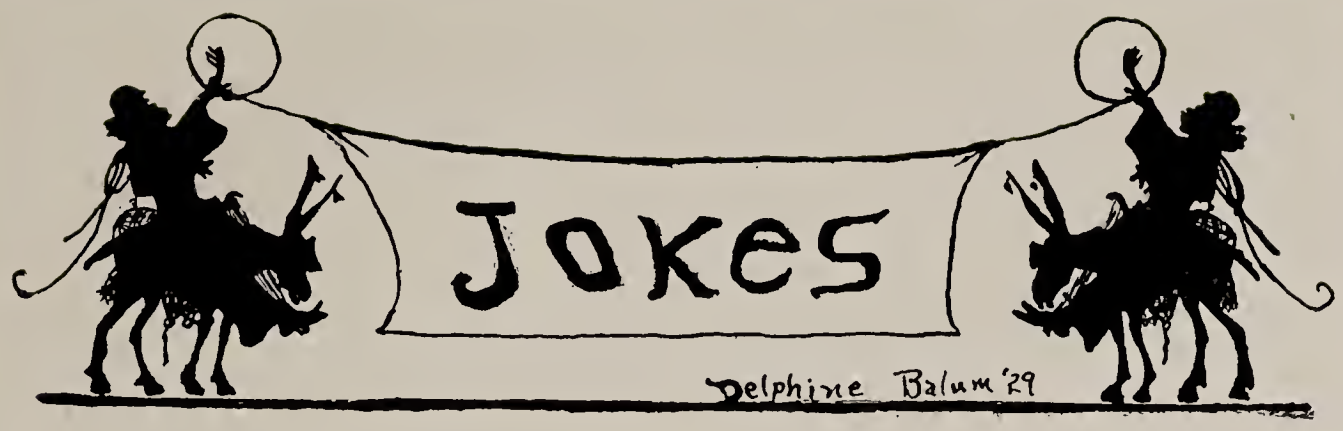
"The Owl", St. Leo's High School, Ridway, Pa., Your literary section is excellent especially the poetry. Your pages illustrated with snap-shots are very interesting and add to the appearance of your fine book. The whole annual is well arranged. Call again!

"The Mentor", St. Catherine's High School, DuBois, Pa., A very interesting and well planned annual with a splendid literary section. Your section of "Twelve Years Hence" is very unusual and adds to the interest of the annual. Call again!

"The Pennerian," Penn High School, Greenville, Pa., Where is your exchange section? Why not add more stories and poetry to your literary section? You have an excellent snap-shot section and a very fine joke department. Call again!

"The Tattler", Centennial High School Ridway, Pa., We enjoyed the snap-shots and find your jokes interesting. We suggest more material for your literary section. Call again!

"L'Echo," Curwensville High School, Curwensville, Pa., Your annual is full of interesting material. We find your jokes quite clever and suggest more stories and poetry for your literary section. Call again!



William Cochrane: Please.
She: No.
Bill: Oh, please do.
She: Positively no.
Bill: Please, just this time.
She: I said no.
Bill: Aw, Ma, all the boys go bare-footed.

Eddie Scogg: Who was the peach I saw you with last night?
Pete Ogden: She wasn't a peach, she was a grapefruit.
Eddie: Why a grapefruit?
Pete: I squeezed her, and she hit me in the eye.

Song for Poker Players: "Just Another Pay Wasted Away."

Andy A.: What happened to Gordie last nite?
Bill S.: He went to a bridge party and got into a lot of trouble; a cop happened to look under the bridge.

Gus G.: Whither are we bound on our skates?
Os S.: Around the ankles, dumb-bell.

Jean Thurston: Why should horses be the saddest of all animals.
Mid. P.: I didn't know they were, why?
Jean: Because their life is full of wheels and whoas.

W. Derrick: Poppa, what's a coquette?
Pa: Oh—ah—just a small sized coca cola, Walter.

Dot Mc.: Have you heard the confederate battle song?
Diddy: No.
Dot.: Stay Out of the South.

Do you know if the editor has looked at the poems I sent him?
Yes, sir, he glanced through them this morning.
Oh—just a cursory examination, I suppose.
You're right, sir I never heard such language in my life.

Ella Aikey: Do you have snubbers on your car?
Ed. Miller: Why, no, I'm not a bit high hat.

Miss Trostle: What's the opposite of sorrow?
Chas. Ammerman: Joy.
Miss T.: Of pleasure?
Chas.: Pain.
Miss T.: And what is the opposite of woe?
Chas.: Giddap.

Mr. Brennen: What animal is next to man?
Clayton Glass: The cootie.

Norm Schafer: Where did you get those big brown eyes?
Maida R.: Well, if you must know, they came with my face.

Lillie L.: What did the captain say when he couldn't find the channel?
Andy: I'll bite.
Lill: Oh, where is my wandering buoy tonite.

Miss Reno: Why are you late, Gladys?
Mike: The bell rang before I got here.

Mr. Wiedner: Which travels faster, heat or cold?
Homer Lewis: Heat
Mr. Wiedner: What makes you think so?
Homer: Because one can catch a cold.

Miss Trostle: Name a great universal time saver.
Hazel Mitchell: Love at first sight.

Carl Tate: My Scotch uncle sent me his picture this morning.
Jack Wilson: How does he look?
Carl: I don't know; I haven't had it developed yet.

Leonard Rafferty: Did you hear about the bootlegger who fell into the vat of corn whiskey and was drowned.
Homer Lewis: Oh—the end of the man in the moon.

Sleepy: Please, Diddy, won't you marry me?
Diddy: Yes—if you tell me one thing we have in common.
Sleepy: Well, I think you are beautiful.

Coach: Ed, how many seasons in the year are there?
Ed. Shaffer: There are three—football, basketball, and baseball.

Maida: My dress is just like yours.
Bertha: Nope, mine's clean.

Bill Cochrane: A month ago my girl left me without any reason.
Frances Mc.: I knew someone had left you without it.

A sharp nose indicates curiosity; a flat one too much curiosity.

Give a sentence with the word "Scum".
Ha! Ha! So it scum to this!

Diddy: Who is Hermes?
Dot L.: Oh, he is the goddess of grain.

Mr. Brennen: Beer usually tastes the same doesn't it, Hy?
Hy Lewis: It depends on who makes it.

E. Mighty: The scar carried the man to his grave.

Mr. Trimmer: In Economics: Who was called father of our country?
Student: Christopher Columbus, author of a book on America.

Pete Ogden: Child Labor.
Mr. Trimmer: Must be thinking of Infant Industries.

Mr. Brennen: What is a cell?
Student: A dungeon with walls around it.

"Tissue?" A piece of skin stretched over the body.

Wasted Noise: That fellow with Maud, certainly wears loud clothes. They don't impress Maud. She turns a deaf ear to his suit.

In amazement, I watched the trained flea do his stunts. Did you educate that flea yourself?" I asked the man. "Yes," he replied proudly, "I raised him from a pup."

Dot McCorkle: How is a girl like a door-knob?
Braden Woodside: It is something to adore.

Francis McDowell: This match won't light
Jake Rishel: Washa madda with it?
Francis: I dunno—it lit all right a minute ago.

Imagine the consternation of the adventuress who had lured the football captain into her room to steal the signals from him when she earned that the team used the huddle system.

Ed. Miller: Could you fix me a dose of castro oil so the oil won't taste?
Druggist: Certainly! Won't you have a glass of soda while waiting?
Ed: I don't mind. And drinks the soda.
Druggist: Something else?
Ed.: No, just the oil.
Druggist: But you just drank it.
Ed.: Gee whiz! I wanted it for dad.

Daughter: Mother, do you want me to put the parrot on the back porch?
Mother: Positively no! Your father is repairing the car in the back yard.

Click: Are you positive of that?
Snap: Sure, I have the proof of it.

Bill Gilliland: Dad, you dlopped a nickle.
MI. Gilliland: Tut, tut, don't notice it, do you want people to think we are Scotch?

Merle Jay: Did you have any raisin bread this week?
Baker: No, sir, it's still the same price.

Anna F.: Everytime I go to a ball game, I see that peroxide blonde.
Julia S.: Yes, I saw her the other day coming out of the bleachers.

Gordie: Has anyone asked you out for Sunday evening?
Ella: (eagerly) No sir. I'm quite free.
Gordie: Well then, maybe you'll be on time for school Monday morning.

Hebe Straw: I suppose when you get to college you'll never think of wearing a hat.
T. Smeal: Not me, I'm going to Stetson University.

Wava Conser: Sst!
Florence Varner: What?
Wava: Have you any chloroform?
Flo: Yes.
Wava: Don't breathe it.

Os: I would go through anything for you.
Gus: Fine, we'll start with your bank account

Gordie: Shall we go to the movies?
Jennie: We don't have to. Mother and father are going.

Diddy: Will you please call me a taxi?
Walter D.: Certainly, you're a taxi.

Claire Rafferty: Is it true that all good looking seniors are conceited?
Theron Smeal: No, I'm not.

Mr. Knott: The doctor says I must quit smoking. One lung is nearly gone.
Mrs. Knott: Oh, dear, John. Can't you hold out until we get enough coupons for that dining-room rug?

Dry Mother Goose

Ten little speakeasies running good and plenty,
Nine were closed up, then there were twenty.
Twenty little speakeasies keeping open late,
Nineteen raided, then there were thirty-eight.
Thirty-eight little speakeasies running bold and free.
Thirty-seven padlocked, now there are fourteen thousand seven hundred and three, including the original ten.

Barbara Lee: Is my face dirty or is it my imagination?
Loie Rowles: Your face isn't, I don't know about your imagination.

J. W.: Do you know Boo?
D. L.: Boo who?
J. W.: My Gosh, why are you crying?

Celeste Hess: Oh! it's raining out!
Buzzy A.: What's the difference? It only makes flowers grow.
Mr. Weidner: So does manure.

Rose Pellerite: Which is farther away, England or the Moon?
Rebecca Wall: England.
Rose P.: What makes you think that?
Rebecca W.: Cause we can see the moon and we can't see England.

Mr. Meade: I never led anyone astray.
Miss Ewing: I don't know about that.

Mr. Meade's a very funny man— he doesn't want girls' half attention—he wants their whole attention.—Another one of those "I love me" men.

Coach: What great thing did Horace Greeley say? (No one answers.)
Coach: Surely—you know that. (Still no answer.)
Coach: Go West, young man, go West. (Wonder if he meant Oklahoma).

Emily: Hey Dot, we're not having any school to-morrow.
Dot: (All excited) Why?
Emily: They found small pox in the dictionary

Lucy Flick: When the rain falls, does it ever rise again, Del?
"Del" Balum: Yes it does.
Lucy: When?
Del: Oh, in dewtime.

Coach: George, name five plants not fit for food.
Geo. Muir: Turnips, carrots, parsnips, horseradish and spinach.

Miss Longanecker: The story of rubber is very interesting. What is the important part of it, Donald?
Don Roseberry: It has been stretched a lot.

Mr. Wiedner: Lois Rowles, who are chemists?
Loie Rowles: They are the persons that call a spade a ferric implement.

Ward Shepard: What kind of an action is the "belly ache"?
Jibby Smith: Oh, that's an involuntary action, all right.

Ed. Miller: One side is heavier than the other.
Os Shaffner: Go on, one side is lighter than the other.

Beccy Wall: Rose, have you heard about Miss Miller being so old?
Roses Pellerite: Miss Miller old? Why no.
Beccy: Well she ought to be, she taught Caesar.

She: Give a sentence with consomme.
He: Ah, my darling let us consomme our love in honorable marriage!
She: Aint it wonderful, that soupreme moment?

Dot. McCorkle: Have you heard the Hiking Song?
Dot. Leas: No, what, is it.?
Dot. Mc.: Hiking Give You Anything But Love, Baby.

Teacher: Use mammoth in a sentence.
Lily Lawhead: He was tied to his mammoth apron strings.

Coach Trimmer: In which of his battles was King Gustavus of Sweden slain?
Albert Barone: I'm pretty sure it was his last one.

THE LATEST IN SERVING

Sylvan B. made his first trip into the city from his little village. He treated himself to an ice cream cone walked outside to eat it, and then brought back the cone to the counter. Handing it to the clerk, Sylvan said, Thank you for the vase."

Sara Best—I'd like to buy some lard.
Grocer—Pail.
Sara—Oh, I didn't know it came in two shades.

TO THE GIRLS

Blessings on thee Little Dame,
Bare Backed Girl with knees the same,
With thy rolled down silken hose
And thy short transparent clothes,
With thy red lips reddened more
Smeared with lipstick from the store,
With thy make up on thy face
And thy bobbed hair's jaunty grace,
From my heart I give thee joy
Glad that I was born a boy.

THE 1929 BREEZE

When television comes into more general usage, there won't be so many dates made over the wire.

CATS

Cats that is ment for little boys to maul and tease is called Maultecats. Some cats is recognized by how quiet their purrs are and there are named Purrsion cats. The cats what has very bad tempers are called Angoriecats, and cats with deep feelings are called Feline cats.

Father: I liked that young fellow you were with the other night, so I asked him to dinner this evening. Told him to drop around in his business clothes.
Jibby: Oh, Father. He's a swimming instructor.

Marion Cleaver fed her cow newspapers thinking it would give print butter.

Martha Ganoe—I have two cats I want to name after great men. Whom do you suggest?
The Boy Friend——Why not name them Byrd and Nobile, Polar explorers?
Martha—But big boy, these aren't pole cats.

He saw her stepping from a car
And up to her he sped.
"May I not help you alight?"
"I do not smoke," she said.

Arvilla Crawford— I heard you were sick, Leona.
Leona Lawhead—Yea, I had the chimney disease.
Arvilla— Chimney disease? What's that?
Leona—Flu.

Homer Lewis—I've got to have a dinner jacket tonight, so lend me yours, will you?
Jack Rowles—Why don't you strike a fellow your own size?

Dominic Cristini:—I maintain love-making is just the same as it always was.
Lewis Brown—How do you know?
Dominic— I just read about a Greek Maiden who sat and listened to a lyre all night.

Braden—Sweetheart, there is nothing I would not do for one of your smiles,—to see the light of happiness in your beautiful eyes,—to hear my praises on your ruby lips.
Dot. Mc.—You darling? Will you swipe that no spitting sign in the"Pig" for my bedroom?

Whiz—I'm giving a dinner for the department heads. What do you think would be appropriate to serve?
Bang—How about noodle soup?

Sister:—What's the trouble, Donald?
Don.—Beatrice turned me down cold and told me I could find sympathy in the dictionary, but I have looked all through the "C's" and it ain't there.

Hebe—Would you scream if I kissed you?
Jennie—How could I if you did it properly?

A SCOTCH SONG

"Make me a child just for to-nite,"
Once said a Scotchman—and Scotchmen are tight;
"I leave to-nite for a boat trip up there:
Make me a child and I'll travel half-fare."

Scotchman:—Three dollars to take a front tooth out? I should say not! I'll pick a fight on my way home.

A Scotchman walked sadly at the end of a funeral procession "Are you one of the Mourners?" asked the undertaker.
"Am I one of the Mour-rr-rners?" sobbed Angus. "Mon, he owed me two pounds."

Anna Fleck:—I think that McTight is the meanest Scotchman in the world.
Julia Shaw:—What's he gone and done now?
Anna—For Christmas he gave his wife a paper plate and an eraser.

Teacher:—If you stand facing the North, what have you on the left hand?
Buzzy :—Fingers.

Carl T.—So Barbara and the Doctor busted up?
Lila: Yes, She sent him back his ring.
Carl T.—What did he do?
Lila:—He sent her a bill for 365 visits at $5.00 apiece.

SIGN IN BUTCHER'S WINDOW

For Sale:—Fresh sausage from contented pigs who made hogs of themselves.

Mary Brungard:—This is a drug store, isn't it?
Druggist—Yes, Ma'am.
Mary—Well, I want a malted milk and a ham sandwich, and please make up that sandwich according to my prescription. My prescription is thicker bread and more meat.

Mr. Brennen entered his class room.
"Today," he announced, "I intend to show you the inner workings of the frog."
As he unwrapped the package the students exclaimed, "Why Mr. Brennen, that is two ham sandwiches."
"Ah! how stupid of me", said the perplexed man. "I could have sworn I ate my lunch a few moments ago."

Mistress—Did I see you kissing somebody in the garden this morning, Katy—the milkman or the letter carrier?
Katy, the maid—Cr—ah—was it about half-past seven or was it a quarter past eight?

Bertha R.—Every nite we sit around with Dad and Mother and lister to the radio.
Glen J.—Ah, Yes—Ohm sweet Ohm—Watt?

TO OUR PATRONS

To all those who have given financial aid to our book we extend the heartiest thanks. Without these contributions our book would have been an impossibility, and all our labors would have been in vain.

Each year the seniors publish an account of their four years of activities in High School. What this book means to each senior, only those who have themselves graduated can fully understand. Those who comprehend this can appreciate in a small degree the thanks we extend to the business men and women of Clearfield for thier support in making our book a success.

PATRONS

Following is a list of the Business Men of Clearfield who have been interested in the welfare of our High School and who have made it possible for us, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty Nine to publish our year book, "The Breeze" by giving the sum of two or more dollars. We sincerely hope that you will patronize their business.

Adams and Stewart
Albert and Hubler Garage
Anderson, Carl
Anderson, John G.
Arnold and Smith
Anstadt, Chester A.
Aughenbaugh's Drug Store
Avon Barber Shop
Banta Refrigerator Works
Barratt's Jewelry Store
Bell, F. Cortez (Lawyer)
Bell, Singleton (Lawyer)
Bigler, A. W.
Bird, E. T.
Blacker Floral Company
Bloom's Drug Store
Bloom, Dean
Boulton and Boulton (Lawyers)
Bovard, Francis C. (Chiropractor)
Bowling Motor Company
Boyce, William M. and Son
Bratton, Milford (Recorder)
Brion, Peter L.
Brown, E. V. (Insurance)
Brown's Boot Shop
Brown, Lex R. (Dentist)
Bumbarger, Charles (Groceries)
Chase, A. R. (Judge)
Chase, B. F. Jr. (Insurance)
Chase, C. E. (Dentist)
Chase, J. Mitchell (Congressman)
Chase, J. W. (Insurance)
Chatterbox Coffee Shoppe
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Clearfield Box Company
Clearfield Brick Manufacturing Company
Clearfield Central Garage
Clearfield Dairy Company
Clearfield Hardware Company
Clearfield Hat Cleaning & Shoe Shine Parlor
Clearfield Machine Company
Clearfield Mill Work & Lumber Company
Clearfield National Bank
Clearfield Gas & Oil Company
Clearfield Taxidermy Company
Clearfield Textile Company
Clearfield Trust Company
Clearfield Wholesale & Notion Company
Community Garage
Community Service Stores
Coca Cola Bottling Works
County National Bank
Cowdrick, A. D. (M. D.)
Cowdrick's Drug Store
Daisher, B. I. (Signs)
Dale, Fred A.
Decker, H. A. (Dentist)
DeLuxe Diner
Dimeling Barber Shop
Dimeling Hotel
Dufton's Hardware Company
Electric Supply Company
Farmers Exchange Inc.
Flegal, H. J. & Sons
Flick Motors
Frantz, J. P. (M. D.)
Frendberg, Victor C.
Fullington, E. M. & Sons
Gatehouse, J. C. (Commissioner)
Gardner, M. I. (Insurance)
Gaulin, H. B. (Court Reporter)
Gearhart Ice Cream Shop
Gearhart Lumber & Supply Company
Gilliland's Store
Gordon, J. W. (M. D.)
Gray, J. W. (Dentist)
Green's Pool Room
Hagerty, W. A.
Harbison-Walker Refractory Company
Healey's Pool Room
Helmbold and Stewart
Hershey, R. M. (Insurance)
Hess, A. Lee (Upholstering)
Hess, John E. & Company (Printers)
Holmes' Transfer & Storage
Howard Studio
Howe's Jewelry Store
Howe, Lawrence, L. (Optometrist)
Hunter's Drug Store
Irwin Drug Store
Jacobson and Etzweiler
John Lewis Shade Post No. 6
Johnston's Bakery
Kantar's
Keeney, Harold S. (Dentist)
Kerr, Wilbur (Insurance)
Keystone Ice Cream Company
Knepp's Furiture Store
Kramer, Clarence (Lawyer)
Kreb's Brothers Transfer
Kurtz Brothers Inc.
Kurtz Stationery Store
Landy, G. M.
Langford's Grocery Store
Lauderbaugh-Greist
Leavy, Fred. B.
Lee, A. W., Jr.
Leipold, F. D. (Dentist)
Leitzinger Brothers

Leonardson, A. W. & Company
Lewis, H. H. (M. D.)
Liveright, A. M. (Lawyer)
Livingston, R. W. (Dentist)
Lytle Brothers
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McFadden, E. L.
Mann, Harry (Typewriters)
Market Street Auto Sales Company
Mauk, G. E. (M. D.)
Meyer Milling Company (Flour, Feed & Coal)
Milligan's Pool Room
Minahan, Michael, J. (Dentist)
Minns, George (Commissioner)
Mirkin's
Mitchell Milling Company
Mitchell, W. O.
Mohney, Jack (Barber)
Mohr, J. H. (Optometrist)
Moore and Wilson (Insurance)
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Murphy's Pig & Whistle
National Meat Market
Nevling Reuben, E.
Nieman's Clothing Stoel
Norris, T. J. & Sons (Cleaners)
Northcraft, A. B.
O'Briens Jewelry Store
O'Laughlin, Kelly & Silberblatt (Lawyers)
E. E. Orcutt Garage
Overly, M. M. (County Treas.)
Piper, W. S. (M. D.)
Progressive Publishing Company
Quality Meat Market
Raftsman's Journal
Ralston, G. W. (Prothonotary)
Ramey, W. Albert (Lawyer)
Rhine's Cigar Store
Rishel, Ashley (Contractor)
Rishel, Mrs. Ashley
Rhone Motor Company
Rollin's Barber Shop
Robinson's Brothers Store
Robinson Clay Products Company
Routch & Swartzle Company.
Rubenstein, S. M. (Optometrist)
Sawyer Auto Sales
Schneid Raymond A.
Shapiro, Louis
Shaw, A. Bishop (Lawyer)
Shaw Brothers' Grocery Store
Shillenn's Coffee Shop
Short, John (Printer)
Shugarts, Blake B.
Shull's Studio
Seibenrock, John J. (Groceries)
E. E. Smith Furniture Store
Smeal, Vernon, A.
Smith, F. Gurney (Insurance)
Smith, Harold V. (Deputy Sheriff)
Smith, Max (Cleaner)
Smith, Percy (Sheriff)
Snyder's Jewelry Store
Speck, David W.
State Forestry Department
Stempfly Furniture Company
Stewart, Lever F. (M. D.)
Susquehanna Chevrolet Company
Susquehanna College of Music
Swift, S. S.
Thompson, R. William
Thorn, A. Boyd & Son
Tobias, W. E. (Commissioner)
Vogue Beauty Shop
Vulcan Trading Company
Waite, Ira B.
Walker's Store
Walther Motor Company
Warner, S. L.
Welch, Frank S. (Plumber)
Welch, Walter (Lawyer)
White Cross Barber Shop
White Front Restaurant
Williams Auto Sales Company
Wilson, Ward O. (M. D.)
Woodward, H. E. (County Controller)
Woods, Frank B.
Woolridge, J. Hayes (M. D.)
Workmans Overall & Shirt Factory
Yeaney, Blaine, G. (M. D.)

"HEY KIDS!" SIGN MY BOOK





THE END.

THE 1929 BREEZE

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